THE
COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume I | New York, Wednesday, February 4, 1925 | Number 13

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ARE CATHOLICS CHRISTIANS?

THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY is a weekly review, now in its forty-second volume, published by "The Disciples Publication Society," Chicago. Its editor is Charles Clayton Morrison, a clergyman, of the Disciples of Christ denomination. He took his A. B. at Drake University, he is a fellow in Philosophy of Chicago University, and received the degree of D. D. from Oberlin College. He is a well known author and has served on various important religious conferences and organizations. Associated with him on the editorial board are other prominent clergymen and writers, among them Mr. Paul Hutchinson, one time executive secretary of the Epworth League in China, also part author of The World Service of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, a Baptist clergyman, editor of The Master Mason, and author of many books on religious and Masonic topics. The sub-title of the Christian Century describes it as—"An undenominational journal of religion." At the head of its editorial columns it carries the following descriptive paragraph—

"The Christian Century is a free interpreter of essential Christianity. It is published not for any single denomination but for the Christian world. It strives definitely to occupy a catholic point of view and its readers are in all communions."

It is a well printed, well written, ably edited journal. In the current number Rev. Robert E. Speer, Dr. Selden Peabody Delaney, Edward Shillito, and other leading writers on religion are represented. This number also contains the article which occasions the question we address to its editors. It is entitled "The Roman Church and Taxation." The main burden of its argument is that the Protestant churches should refuse any exemption from taxation on their property. We are not at present concerned with the question of whether church property should or should not be exempt from taxation, but we are deeply concerned with the statements made by the Christian Century on which it bases its case for the taxation of the churches. The article begins with the following words—

"Those who observe and ponder cannot be oblivious to the menace to American institutions and American ideals of civil and religious liberty in the Roman Catholic Church. Any evidence of the weakened power, or of a redeeming sanity, in the Ku Klux Klan should be fervently welcomed, so that citizens of sound mind and unimpeachable good-will may, unembarrassed and uncompromised, apply their utmost resources of acumen and grace to the problem which the presence and continuing influence of the Roman

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Catholic Church in our civilization presents. The Ku Klux Klan way is not the right way. Almost any other way is better." It then goes on to say that the "approach to this problem" [that is, the menace of Catholicism to American institutions] "must be lifted above all petty spites and jealousies, and laid along the plane of the highest-minded and purest-motived citizenship. Adherents of the Roman system, along with all other citizens, must themselves be saved from the evils into which they are blindly pressing." After this, it presses home its case for the imposition of taxation upon all the religious bodies. "The Roman Church would be most profoundly affected by this reform," the writer continues. "It would still hold in allegiance the minds of many who do not wish to think for themselves, those who wish to commit their spiritual interests to the arbitrament of a self-constituted authority. All of which would be sad, and would still incite all thoughtful citizens to seek rational means of removing that menace to democratic civilization. But as intelligence increases, and the normal means of cultivating it becomes more efficient, hierarchic perils would less and less alarm."

Further on, the Christian Century proceeds to ask its readers if "we shall allow a monster to be nursed among us which has ravened every civilization since the dawn of history in the Nile Valley down to this day?" The writer does not seem to mean that the Catholic Church, in itself, necessarily is the monster which has ravened all civilization, except in the sense that the Catholic Church has a priesthood serving it, and the Catholic Church, like all other churches in the United States, is permitted to hold its property exempt from taxation. But it certainly is the view of the Christian Century that, "reading history from the beginning and on all of its pages, it is doubtless correct to say that no other one cause has been so prolific of decay and wreck among civilizations as the ensconcing of priesthoods in the arbitrary or irresponsible control of property." (It is to be hoped that the writer *has* read all history "from the beginning" and "on all of its pages," but really it seems slightly doubtful.)

Proceeding with its argument, the Christian Century asks this further question—"Is there any eventual relief from the situation thus created except that which has always been the resort, namely, revolution; in this case, always bloody revolution?"

In short, the argument seems to run that if the Catholic Church is permitted to go on owning tax-exempt property, it will eventually become a monster ravening American civilization and create a situation which if not relieved or checked will lead to "bloody revolution."

We repeat our question to the editors of the Christian Century—Are Catholics Christians? Do you consider the members of the Catholic Church to be among those for whom your journal is intended? You state that it is published not for any single denomination alone, but for the Christian world. You strive definitely to occupy a catholic point of view, and your readers "are in all communions." What, then, *is* Catholicity, in your view? If not Christian, just what do you deem it to be?

There are those among the readers of The Commonweal who regret its occasional references to the activities of the Ku Klux Klan, and who deprecate, often from the worthiest motives, the introduction of controversy of any sort in our pages. Gladly indeed would we accept the view that in the United States of America all religions are and should be mutually tolerant of the claims of the members of all religious faiths to be equally entitled to the benefits of American institutions, and that as citizens, all are upon the same level. But can we accept such a view when we find representatives not of the crude and vulgar secret organization known as the Ku Klux Klan, but of religious groups of a much higher order, stigmatising the sixteen to twenty million followers of the Catholic Church in the United States as people who do not wish to think for themselves, and as members of a church which is a "menace to American institutions and American ideals of civil and religious liberty," and of encouraging the activities of "a monster . . . which has ravened every civilization since the dawn of history?" In view of such statements it seems to be high time for Catholics to ascertain, if possible, if the Christian Century really voices the views of the Protestant bodies represented on its editorial board. Are such utterances as these quoted above merely the eccentric views of a few individuals, or do they really represent the opinion of the Catholic Church and of Catholics held by any considerable number of Protestant Americans? Do Protestants as a class really believe that Catholics are more alien to the spirit of America than the followers of other creeds? Is it a work of "essential Christianity" to describe Catholic Americans as a menace to their country, their church a ravening monster that will destroy civilization if unchecked?

When such things are said by vulgar bigots of the baser sort, they may safely be dismissed as absurdities. Spoken by a journal edited by leaders of such great religious bodies as the Methodist and Baptist congregations, they are highly alarming. For ourselves, simply as one journal speaking to another, we would ask the Christian Century to state the grounds upon which it bases its amazing statements.

But please give us facts, and not emotional rhetoric. That is, please try to give us facts to prove your statements, for, as there are no such facts, the effort to discover them, if conducted honestly and sanely, will, let us hope, lead you to the one course that will at least partly repair the damage your terrible libel must cause, namely, a frank and full apology to those you have injured.

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THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1925, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 25 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

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Subscription Rates: Yearly: $10.00 Single Copies: $0.20

WEEK BY WEEK

GOOD management in government is impossible with the Executive and the Senate working at cross-purposes. There was a striking incident during President Grant's administration which shows how deeply such a situation may involve our national welfare. Senator Sumner as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations took an entirely different view of our policy toward Great Britain from that favored by the administration. The course he advocated headed straight toward war, for it called for nothing short of forcing Great Britain to relinquish all her possessions in the western hemisphere. President Grant's policy was to settle our claims against Great Britain by arbitration, and that policy prevailed because he was strong enough to overthrow Sumner. The Senator was deposed from the Chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations on March 10, 1871. The Treaty of Washington was signed on the May 8, succeeding, and was approved by the Senate on May 24. Possibilities of similar discord over our foreign policy are quite manifest now. They will never be removed until the committee barrier between the administration and Congress is removed. The Committee on Foreign Relations of the Senate should be the whole Senate, as the Constitution intended. The Secretary of State should be present at the meetings of that committee, and his policy should be such as he could vindicate in such circumstances.

M. ÉMILE DAESCHNER, who succeeds M. Jules Jusserand at Washington as French Ambassador, undoubtedly faces a double test of his ability which should insure for him the sympathy and good-will of all who are interested in the maintenance of good relations between the two republics. In the first place, he comes at a time when those relations are much disturbed by the controversy concerning the French debt, and the consequent hectic excitement which has been manifested in political circles, both in Paris and in Washington—an excitement which it is highly desirable should be allayed in both countries, so that the question may be solved in the sphere of reason and good-will rather than emotional acrimony. In the second place, M. Daeschner will undoubtedly find it most difficult, for a time at least, to fill the place so long occupied by M. Jusserand, whose qualifications were of such a specially high character as almost to deserve to be called unique. The new French Ambassador comes of an Alsatian Protestant family, and has been connected with administrative and diplomatic business of the French government for forty years. For many years he was a member of the French Embassy at London, and his use of the English language is said to be perfect. The most valuable part of his training in international affairs was acquired through confidential association with several of the most influential French premiers and foreign ministers, in his capacity as adviser of the Foreign Office and head of the Bureau of Administrative Affairs at Quai d'Orsay.

DONALD B. MACMILLAN, the Arctic explorer, is turning the bows of his sturdy little ship northward again this summer on a new adventure, that if successful in its main object will throw a highly interesting light upon that fascinating but obscure point in American history, the somewhat legendary visit of the Norsemen, who had settled in the year 980 in Greenland, to the shores of Labrador and Newfoundland. Mr. Macmillan will visit the parts of Newfoundland and Labrador where the Norsemen are thought to have landed, and then he will sail to the west shores of Greenland, penetrate the coast line through the fiords and visit the site of the Lost Colony of Greenland, which flourished more or less vigorously for about three centuries and then was wiped out by the excursions of the Esquimaux.

"THERE are still standing the remainders of 180 farm houses and twenty-five stone churches," Mr. Macmillan is quoted as saying to a newspaper interviewer. "In them probably lies the first chapter of American history. If there can be established a definite kinship between the Labrador relics and the homes of the Lost Colony [in Greenland] that chapter will be written." If that chapter comes to be written, material for it will be found not only on the shores of Labrador and Greenland but also in the archives of the Vatican, where may be read letters and other documents exchanged between the Church authorities at Rome and the Catholic bishops and priests who ad-

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ministered the Sacraments and looked after the moral and spiritual welfare of the Norsemen in the Lost Colony of Eric the Red. Our interesting but at times rather irritating friends, the Nordics, particularly the more rampageous ones whose favorite outdoor costume is a bed sheet, might ponder the fact that the original Nordics who found their way to America long before the coming of Columbus (that Catholic Surdic), shared with Columbus the one Faith of Christendom. If this chapter that Mr. Macmillan may write proves to be the earliest authentic chapter of American history, its centre will be found to be the missionary enterprise of the Catholic Church, and the beginning of its civilizing influence in America. The Norsemen of that age were Catholics, just as the ancestors of all the Nordics were Catholics after they ceased to be barbarians. Some of their descendants seem to prefer the original barbarian status.

FROM the days of Charles Dickens onwards we have become familiarized with the "globe-trotter," to use a term now sufficiently classical, who after a more or less brief visit to the United States offers the world his observations on what he has seen. Mr. Julian Huxley, grandson of the distinguished biologist of mid-Victorian days, Thomas Henry of that ilk, is the last of these, so we learn from the current issue of Science. The grandfather had an idea that he could learn all that could be learnt about a great subject in as short a time or in a shorter time than the next man, for those familiar with his letters will remember how he professed to have plucked the heart out of Suarez in a summer afternoon spent in the library of a Scotch University, a thing, by the way, utterly impossible to any man who had made no preliminary study of the extremely technical terminology of scholastic philosophy. The grandson, naturally interested in the teaching of biology, tells the world that "apparently there is Methodist biology, Baptist biology, Catholic biology—a biology for every denomination." America is "the only country where the attempt is made to split up science into sects. If a professor in a Methodist college teaches Baptist biology or just plain biology, he is dismissed." Now, we are unable, for want of knowledge of the text-books in use, to say what is used in or issues from the other colleges to which he alludes, but we are in possession of a text-book which comes forth from Marquette University and is the work of Professor Menge who presides over biological studies in that Catholic seat of learning. If Mr. Huxley will cast his eye over this work, which fairly represents what is taught in our colleges, he will, to his surprise, find that it is precisely what he desiderates, namely "just plain biology," very well set out and adorned with most instructive illustrations and diagrams. Surely it is not too much to ask that a man, above all a man who teaches an exact subject, should, before he sets out to talk on a subject of this kind, at least ascertain what the facts of the case are. Had he done so he would not have talked nonsense of this kind about "Catholic biology," nor, we suspect, about Methodist nor Baptist biology either.

IN her entertaining collection of anecdotes centering about the Sultan of the Mountains, Rosita Forbes seemed to have missed one of the most pleasantly characteristic of the Thousand and One Arabian Nights' Tales which place Raisuli's niche very near that of his confrère of crusading days, the genial originator of the Brotherhood of Assassins. The story of the kidnapping of Mr. Perdicaris (American citizen) by Raisuli, badly in need of cash and lonely for pleasant society, combining business and pleasure in a single operation; the famous message from our State Department demanding the delivery of "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead," and the subsequent ransom of Mr. Perdicaris for a large sum, have all been amply recorded as one of the minor romances of American diplomatic history, but the sequel, as told by a participant, crowns the tale. It appears that Perdicaris, delivered safely to his family, was celebrating with them the end of his adventure, when a mysterious visitor was announced who would not be denied. Admitted finally, with due precautions against a possible repetition of the incident, the mysterious stranger stood revealed as Raisuli himself, to the consternation of his host. "My good friend Perdicaris," said this original and engaging old ruffian, "I need your help. I treated you well during your visit to me, did I not?" "Yes, oh yes, indeed!" came the agitated reply. "Then return me my good care of you, as a guest should; I am in danger." "One might well suppose so," murmured someone, "after what has happened." "Oh, it is not my life that I am worrying about," said Raisuli; "I can't get to a bank with this money. I want you to take care of it for me tonight and deposit it for me tomorrow. I daren't carry it about." And he produced from the folds of his disguise the ransom paid him for the release of Perdicaris.

THE amended Clean Books Bill is now before the New York Legislature. Since its defeat at the last session it has been changed so as to exclude newspapers from its provisions. Presumably this change is inspired by a hope to secure support in a quarter which has thrown all its weight against the bill. It is a baseless hope. Those papers which oppose the bill on higher grounds than the mere dread that they themselves might suffer if it were made into law are hardly likely to change their view. And those papers—that exist in larger numbers—who are constant offenders against the canons of decency cannot possibly support the bill if relieved from the dread of being punished under its provisions. Consistency is not precisely the ruling virtue of these scandalous sheets, but even inconsistency has its limits.

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THE bill in its present form should be defeated if only because of its provision for the exemption of the newspapers. The language of the paragraph providing for this exemption is almost incredibly inconsistent with the proclaimed purpose of the bill. It reads as follows—"Nothing contained in this section shall be deemed to impose any censorship upon the public press, it being the intent of the provisions of this section to impose only such censorship upon books, magazines and all other publications as the public press voluntarily imposes upon itself." If the vile books and magazines pouring from the press are to be judged by no higher standard than that of the daily press—their Sunday Supplements, for example—what possible hope of an improvement is held out?

IT is a common practice for newspaper syndicates to issue as serials the cheapest sort of sexual fiction and thus bring it to the attention of millions of readers who never or seldom read books at all. Even newspapers of high editorial standards, whose issues on week days are for the most part comparatively free from morally objectionable material—at least, such material is not "featured," except, of course, when sensational divorces or other scandals become "news"—will deliberately exploit sex rot in their Sunday issues. It is a curious reversal of what used to be the custom among the time-serving sort of Christians, namely to be moral, or anyhow respectable, on Sundays, and forget morality during the week days. No; it won't do to overlook the newspapers in any real effort to check the flood of pornography. Far too many of them are among the worst offenders.

THE new copyright bill now awaiting the consideration of the Patents Committee cannot fail of interest to all who have at heart the protection of arts and letters in the proper recognition of the rights of property of the artists and literateurs. The sense of ownership in works of the intellect was one of the latest to be developed in the public consciousness, and it is the pride of England and America to stand at the forefront of the protagonists in this lofty cause. The present conditions of literature among the republics of South America, where a piece of writing published in one country is calmly appropriated by the press of every other country, while it may, in a sense, cultivate the international glory of an author, operates at the same time to prevent his claiming any particular reward for his labor even at the point of original publication.

THE main features of the proposed legislation are that it takes the place and enlarges earlier copyrights protecting the author's claims without damaging other proper interests; it vests the copyright in the author at the time it is made without formalities; it extends the term of copyright protection to the life of the author and fifty years thereafter; it adds to the subject matter of copyrights, phonographic records and piano-playing rolls, choreographic works, and works of architecture; and gives the author the exclusive right to broadcast his works by radio or otherwise; it abrogates the compulsory American manufacture of books in English and provides for the entry of the United States into the International Copyright Union. The gentlemen who are behind this excellent piece of legislation deserve the utmost praise and the full coöperation of all who are in any way interested in arts and letters, as it will clarify and simplify a matter that has rapidly become complicated by intricate and troublesome decisions in the courts.

FOOTBALL is destined to replace baseball as the American sport par excellence, in the opinion of Major John L. Griffith, Commissioner of the Western Conference, whose views are given in a Chicago despatch published recently by the New York press. Taking attendance as the standard of popularity, Major Griffith notes that the Stanford-California game on the Pacific coast this year drew a concourse of spectators outnumbering "by several thousands" the 90,000 who viewed the Dempsey-Carpentier bout, and which has been a record for any athletic feature till this year. On the whole, despite sentimental regrets that are inevitable, the news is good. Rumors of the waning popularity of baseball have been rife during the past two or three years, and there is no doubt that the fault lies with the commercial element in the great leagues. It is unnecessary to stir up dirty athletic waters or to refer to "scandals" still sub-judice. The wrecking of one famous club by the abuse of "trades" and the open sale and barter of players reported in sport columns have gradually robbed the contests of the local interest which is the best guarantee of enthusiasm.

"THE insolence of money will out," said Dr. Samuel Johnson once, and the popularity of football will inevitably prove a temptation to the exploiter in the future. But at present it is not only about the cleanest of the major sports, but the one in which the element of the heroic and the sacrifice of self to corporate effort, which makes the bright side of war, is most closely reproduced. The good footballer embodies many of the spiritual qualities of the good soldier, from which the pacifist averts his eyes. Intellectuals, who are a race prone to sneer, are probably not being greatly impressed by the remarkable accounts, already noticed in the Catholic press, of the strange outburst of what might almost be termed athletic mysticism, in the spectacular Notre Dame eleven. "In all the football trips this fall," says Father John F. O'Hara, of the Hoosier University, "arrangements were made in

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advance for Holy Communion on every day of the trip . . . The boys never missed." Believers, on the other hand, and not in the Catholic fold alone, will ponder the strange story not only with edification, but with a sense almost of reverence for the revelation it affords of an unsuspected spirit in the oncoming generation over which so many jeremiads are penned. We are reminded of the lads in trench hats and gabardines who, seven years ago, when zero hour was about to sound, kneeled in the mud of Flanders and the Argonnes to receive the absolution of their chaplain.

THE story of the Notre Dame players is all the more comforting for the contrast it affords with a very different spirit which is abroad on the continent of Europe and which is being featured by such writers as Henry de Montherlant and Drieu la Rochelle. With these writers, and the school of which they are the mouthpiece, athletics are indeed featured as a national necessity and the best preparation for ordeals which seem to lie ahead. But enthusiasm is mingled with a cult of the body as an end in itself, and with a sham mysticism which has Nietzsche rather than Christ, the super-man rather than the supernatural man, as its ideal. Football cannot be claimed as an essentially Catholic sport, though it is significant that the "fifteen" of a Catholic school in England, the Benedictine Abbey of Downside, has in a modest fashion reproduced the triumphs of Notre Dame in inter-scholastic contests. But the picture of the flower of American youth, "proving" themselves by the Sacraments, before passing on to the gridiron to rejoice in the strength God has given them, is an inspiring one. It is the best answer to the charge, oftener implied than expressed, that Catholicism does less than justice to the body—that, in the choice language of a recent novelist among the "young expressers," it is a "dehydrating" agent.

THE ADMINISTRATION'S FOREIGN POLICY

THE resignation of Mr. Hughes as Secretary of State and the President's selection of Ambassador Kellogg as his successor have renewed interest in the foreign policy of the administration, and have given rise to a picturesque variety of inspired statements and ballons d'essai which read into the changes all sorts of special meanings according to the interest of the individual begetters. It is a curious twist of the public mind that seeks always a hidden and secondary meaning beneath the appearance of events. Ever liable to mislead those who yield to it, it is never, we suspect, more dangerous than in judging of the words and actions of Mr. Coolidge, who seems to have acquired a solid reputation as a man of mystery by his unconquerable addiction to the practice of saying what he means and meaning what he says—that is, on those occasions when he speaks at all.

And on this matter of foreign affairs, there has been an earnest and persistent thrashing of old straw that seems to us purposeless to the point of obstruction. The die-hards of the Anti-League bloc are known to all; we would refer now more particularly to those other die-hards who have committed their intellectual all to the League-of-Nations basket, and who on every occasion such as the present, rise in their places to announce the renewed possibility of American participation in that body.

President Coolidge has said that the League is a closed issue in American politics—that the American policy with regard to it was settled in the 1920 election. The best evidence that he probably is right is found in the action of last summer's Democratic convention, which although in search of issues on which to make the campaign, remained persistently deaf to the voice of Mr. Newton D. Baker pleading for a League-of-Nations plank in the ablest and most sincerely impassioned speech of the convention. President Coolidge's statement is not to be taken as an expression of his own views on League participation; as a matter of fact, he has generally been classed with the Hughes-Taft wing of the Republican party rather than with the Johnson-Borah. It is simply the expression of his opinion that as a matter of practical statesmanship time spent in discussing the subject is for the present time wasted, and that those who believe that the United States must coöperate in the reconstruction of Europe and the establishment of world peace must look about for other means of accomplishing these objects.

Such a step was the Washington Conference. Such a step was, notably, the Dawes Commission, which veiled under a harmless fiction of unofficialism the desire of the administration to accomplish the task that presented itself quietly and efficiently and without a renewal of the old battle between Leaguers and anti-Leaguers. And such a further step is the administration's program for participation in the World Court, a program to which the President is committed beyond the possibility of change through any shifting of personalities in the Department of State.

In view of the progress already made, it is far from impossible that those who will not be appeased, but still lift up their voices on behalf of "America in the League," may soon find that the world has moved on and left them, and that it is enjoying the substance while they agonize over the shadow.

The administration's policy in this matter is in marked resemblance to the historic method of the Catholic Church in dealing with the great moral problems she has faced, such as slavery. Offered one panacea after another, she has always refused to be bound by formulae; faulted for being behind in the march of progress, it has appeared again and again

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that her slow, silent, and always constructive force, when apparently halted by an insuperable obstacle, has cut a new channel, and leaving the obstruction in the rear has swept on with renewed power to the accomplishment of its mission.

It seems to us, therefore, that men of good will, who genuinely desire, above every other human good, the establishment of fraternal understanding among nations and the outlawing of war, have no other course open to them than to abandon their attachment to any specific formula, however apparently ideal, and give the whole weight of their support without reservation to such constructive measures as may be possible at the moment, as being just so much ground gained in the great offensive. And if it will persuade any of them to this, we are prepared to add that such a course seems to us by far the most likely to lead to the realization of their dreams, and to the ultimate lending of our great national strength, if not to the League of Nations as at present constituted, at least to some sort of new and better Brotherhood of Nations for the establishing of order and the protection of civilization.

THE LESSON OF THE ECLIPSE

WE DO not intend to preach about the eclipse and still less do we mean to impute blame to the newspapers which gave up so much of their talent and their space to describing it. But there would seem to be some room for regret that so little has been written and that so little is heard in current talk about the higher implications of the event.

It is true that much has been published about the physical beauties of the phenomena which accompanied the eclipse and there has been praise of the scientific attainments which made exact predictions possible. There was also, before and after, an eager speculation regarding possible deductions from the observations made as to the structure and laws of the universe. All these efforts at picturesque recording and these intelligent aspirations are admirable. They show that the public sense of beauty is keen and the spirit of inquiry which aims at interpreting the facts noted in terms of astronomical law is most commendable. Advantage to the race was aimed at not only in the great field of knowledge but even in practical matters, as in seeming proof of the influence of the sunlight upon the waves employed in the new applied service of radial transmission.

But, excellent as these aesthetic and scientific views unquestionably are, it takes only a moment's thought to realize that beyond them, far above them, too, there is a lesson in the eclipse which immeasurably exceeds them in interest and importance. In its mere statement, it has the elementary character of all great truths, their triteness, as one might say. But here is the truth of nature brought home to all who can see or who can understand words, in a prodigious illustration so wonderful as to be in the non-theological sense of the word, miraculous. In fact, the rising of the moon on a clear night, its passage across the sky, is as impressive a demonstration, if we only consider it sufficiently. But we are so accustomed to it, that we witness it without thought. It is chiefly the unusual character of the eclipse that rivets our attention. But the eclipse is only a detail of the unceasing march of our satellites about the earth. It stimulates an acute moment of wonder and admiration at the surpassing fabric of the universe and the marvelous laws by which it is directed, simply because we see it only once in a lifetime.

The great thing worth studying, then, because of the eclipse—or because of the moon rise any night—is the origin of the structure and the framing and enforcement of the laws which govern it. And here comes in the importance of the complexities and the beauties which the scientific observer and the layman alike realize with awe. What makes the great cone of darkness caused by the moon affect our souls with a sense of immensity and dread? Why is the corona of the sun so beautiful that it creates the idea of a celestial crown even in the not too imaginative observer's mind? Why are the bands of light and shadow, and why are they beautiful? Why the leaping flames that reach a million miles from the sun's rim, and why are they sensationally dazzling?

But these are minor questions. Why the sun at all, or the moon, or the earth, or the "proper motions of the solar system," not to speak of the galaxy of the heavens? Why or what is the mind that notes them and ponders them? What is the sense that admires their supreme order? What is the faculty that is entranced by their beauty?

Are all these things, physical and human, due to a mere "fortuitous concourse of atoms," as the science of the last century used to put it? Are they due to senseless matter coming to life and legislating for itself, understanding itself and finding beauty and emotion in its own self-created aspects?

Science has its explanations, and will go far in gathering new knowledge—farther than ever because of this eclipse. But can it explain anything in the ultimate sense? Does it not constantly reveal new things to explain, which it never does or can explain, from the X-ray to the atom? Why do all these complexities exist?

To the thought that goes far enough, does not the eclipse—the more it is scientifically examined—prove the existence of a Supreme Mind and a Supreme Will in the universe at large, and a soul in man, which is capable of at least in part comprehending and rejoicing in the glories that nature unfolds to him? This is the final lesson of the eclipse, as of all things that come within human ken. Let science go as far as it will, but let nobody forget that there is an ultimate question to which it has no answer.

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WHY PAN-AMERICANISM?

By R. DANA SKINNER

A RECENT sensational book by Don Manuel Ugarte and an older and no less important book by Garcia Calderon, both Latin-American diplomatists, have merely served to sharpen the question, is Pan-Americanism a myth? In both books, representative of a considerable though probably a minority opinion to the south of us, the United States is accused of imperial designs and general unfriendliness. So much confusion and mental distress can result from exploited statements of this sort, they open the door so wide to foreign intrigue, that it is high time we took stock of realities, and sought out the real and lasting basis for that friendship and also the discord which have stamped the relations of the two continents for more than a century and a half.

In a brief review, I can hope to do no more than mark in broadest outline the great (and frequently forgotten) differences between the Americas, and the singular force of the moral bond which, in spite of the dissimilarities, has linked their destinies and governs them today.

First of all, let us take a glimpse at origins. North America and South, English-speaking and Latin, Puritan and Catholic—each turned furiously against the political domination of Europe. There Pan-Americanism began. But behind and almost overshadowing this great historical fact, stood, and still stand, those amazing differences which only the most sincere good will and effort at understanding and tolerance have been able to bridge.

The North American from the outset invested his heritage of individualism, self-government and liberty, and lived comfortably, if frugally, thereafter on the income. The Latin sprang from other soil. Individualism he shared with us. Without it, he would have remained a docile colonial. But the sun of Spain burned fire into him; illuminated his least action; transformed conquest into epic heroism. While the Pilgrim was freezing on the New England coast, or roasting pigs and apples with which to thank Providence, the Spaniard or the Portuguese to the south was swimming in golden dreams. Fortune, conquest, empire, propagation of the faith—match this against poverty, the squatter's right, the town meeting and the pursuit of religious liberty; each a form of individualism, but one the austere genius of North America, the other the fiery heroism of the South.

All the astounding contradictions of Spanish character, its violent personality, its aspiring fervor, its frantic jealousy, the tears it discovers in comedy and the laughter in tragedy, its "light-headed madness in the hot sunlight," none of these failed to clash and resound in the forging of Latin America. Yet racial persistency alone does not measure the base which now separates our own "vast country of rude energies" from the restless republics to the south.

The comparatively significant figure of the American Indian rises here to unsuspected importance. He had left the soil of New England virgin. There he was a nomad. But the Spanish conquerors of Latin America discovered Indian cities and empires. No longer a nomad, the American Indian had here beaten from gold and built from clay a civilization of his own. To conquer and subjugate these Indian empires and cities was an achievement of romance and adventure, into which the Spaniard plunged recklessly. It stimulated militarism. Tribute and great fortunes became the prizes of daring and insolence. The Spaniard married the daughters of his victims, as Romans married—sometimes—their slaves. Thus sprang up a mixed race and caste. For their gold, the Spaniards gave something of themselves which they never won back.

The pilgrims bent to the task of forming permanent colonies, and establishing what they understood to be religious and political liberty. That their liberty was one-sided, fashioned only to their own views, matters little. The point is, they were not agents of an all-pervading mother country, and they were not preaching the religion and politics of that country abroad. They had no thought of returning to England, no thought of winning from the new world a subsidy for the British crown.

The Spaniard was always an apostle in a strange land from which he expected to return. He was winning gold for himself and his king, and in his finer moments, winning souls to Christianity. While the North Americans were colonizing and learning to be free, the Spaniard was preaching, conquering, or learning to be a tyrant.

North America thus won inherent stability while Latin America fell into inherent instability. The growth of social caste brought political discord. The pride of the pure-blooded Spanish creole rebelled at true democracy. United, these creoles might have ruled. But splitting their pride of race, rose the pride of family. Each great family thought itself destined to rule. The others would unite against the family in power, but only to fall apart once more as new coalitions shaped themselves.

Where the mixed races were less numerous, as in the Argentine, government achieved earlier solidity. Toward the tropics, democracy had a more desperate struggle. Nor is it yet ended.

Glance at Latin-American history with sympathy, and it falls into a place of honor. The man born to wealth can jest easily at the antics of the man who

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has just won success. We of the North were born to great political wealth—perhaps the greatest heritage of any nation in history. We have no reason to despise the achievements of republics born from an intolerable despotism.

"We belong to another race," said Webster in 1826. "We have known nothing, we have felt nothing, of the political despotism of Spain, nor of the heat of her fires of intolerance. No rational man expects that the South can run the same rapid career as the North; or that an insurgent province of Spain is in the same condition as the English colonies when they first asserted their independence. There is, doubtless, much more to be done in the first than in the last case. But on that account the honor of the attempt is not less; and if all the difficulties shall be in time surmounted, it will be greater."

Unfortunately, our rational men have not always taken the trouble to inform themselves. They judge results apart from causes—somewhat akin to studying indigestion apart from diet. This is the source of the cruelest misunderstandings of today—the mental and moral confusion upon which the Calderons and the Ugartes seize avidly. We must, in all sincerity, remember that it is the tremendous inherent worth of the Latin-American progress toward stability that inspires their contemporary authors. They show a tenacious hope in their future. And they are justified. We have no good reason to be blind today to what Webster found self-evident. Our history in self-government has but a thirty-five year start on that of Latin America. But the instincts we inherited at birth, the Latin has had to acquire during growth.

Nor did he acquire them with the simplicity one might imagine. Nothing in our own struggle for independence parallels the task of the founders of modern Latin America. Confusion crowned confusion in those early days, both in the internal affairs of Spain, and in her attempts to regain the elusive colonies. There was confusion of authority, confusion of motives, confusion of military plans, confusion among the patriots no less than among the royalists. And always the fortunes of the European monarchs played powerful lights upon the whole kaleidoscopic scene, till one wonders that freedom could emerge, or liberty survive the ordeal. Yet broadly the revolution did forge on. And through it all grew that subtle spirit of hatred for European interference, that will to live and let live which was later to become the inspired doctrine of two continents.

In ten short years Latin America rose from docile slavery to heroic heights. The rise was too sudden. The next half century is painful and uninteresting. Yet doggedly fighting against all the odds, sometimes in unison, more often in conflict, the Latin republics, little and big, carved their destiny. They progressed. Above all, they guarded their heritage of untrammeled development. Up to now they have never bowed to the domination of Europe. They have differed from us and they have stood on their own feet. But they aspire to the same heights that we do, though they climb from the opposite end of a broad base.

Perhaps, if we begin to appraise our neighbors with more justice, if we gather to ourselves something of the atmosphere of that genesis, comparable only to a chanson de geste, if we measure their achievement less by rules of perfection than by common sense and fair play, we shall cherish their friendship with more intelligence. Above all, we must appraise that loyalty to American unity which, perhaps by instinct, perhaps by design, and in spite of the suspicions of a Calderon or a Manuel Ugarte, they have preserved intact against all European advances.

But the Latin-American states cannot be more altruistic than other nations. An isolation which they valued for a century might conceivably work to their disadvantage under present conditions. This is a possibility we must face at once. Asia and Europe have both changed vastly since 1823. So have we. Republicanism is no longer an exclusively American possession. And republics with less markedly expansive habits than ours might soon become—or seem to become—very worth while friends. Are we prepared through our own ignorance to lose the Latin friendship? Will not the whole world be poorer for the breaking of a tacit alliance that has endured for a century?

There is, undoubtedly, in the tradition of our friendship and coöperation with the South Americans a strength and tenacity which make possible the resumption of a successful Pan-American policy today. But to develop it demands from us more than ever a clear and sympathetic understanding of the obstacles they have faced and only partly overcome. To expect too much is to court disaster. To expect too little is inexcusable pride and smugness. Our success in holding together the united spirit of the two continents, whether in trade, in diplomacy or in general culture, whether in the settlement of purely American interests or in the support we receive from the Latin republics in forthcoming world conferences, will spring only from clear historical knowledge, generous insight into character and prejudices, and from a scrupulous courtesy based on respect. It is not in Armenia or Russia or Poland that we shall need staunch friends and partners. It is not there we must win, in the words of Chateaubriand, "an empire of persuasion and friendship." It is in the South.

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JESUIT EDUCATION

By JAMES J. WALSH

IN AN article in the December number of The Century, on Freedom or Authority in Education, Mr. Bertrand Russell begins with a fine conservative expression that will probably be more than a little startling for most of those familiar with his radical opinions on the social order generally. "Freedom in education," he says, "as in other things must be a matter of degree. Some freedoms cannot be tolerated." That would seem to be a good deal for Mr. Russell to admit as the first principle in any consideration of education. What he adds, however, is even more interesting. "I met a lady once who maintained that no child should ever be forbidden to do anything because a child ought to develop its nature from within." Some of us have heard that sort of expression from the mouths of certain, fortunately not numerous, modern educators and a few other people. Mr. Russell's rejoinder is interesting. "How if its nature leads it to swallow pins?" he asked. But he regrets to say that the answer was mere vituperation.

One is prone to wonder if that apt incident might not be made to have even a wider application than merely to formal education and whether those who suggest that young folk should be allowed to find their own development of mind for themselves and not be forbidden to read anything that they care to read, might not be answered after Mr. Russell's fashion by asking whether it must be presumed, that young folks should also be allowed to wander around in a drug store tasting here and there whatever caught their eye because of its color, or their sense of smell because of its odor, letting them learn to their cost which were poisons and which not by the effect produced on them. Indeed, Mr. Russell himself has practically gone on to say something very nearly like that. "And yet every child left to itself will sooner or later swallow pins, drink poison out of medicine bottles, fall out of an upper window, or otherwise bring itself to a bad end." After these rather frank declarations it is easy to understand why Mr. Russell himself who is rather prone to be impatient of authority and who got himself into no little trouble over that state of mind during the war, declares that—"An element of discipline and authority must exist; the question is as to the amount of it and the way in which it is to be executed." He then proceeds to discuss the various points of view from which discipline and authority in education can be, and those from which they ought to be, executed, and concludes with the very admirable principle—"Reverence for human personality is the beginning of wisdom in every social question, but above all in education;" which of course, after the warning at the beginning of his article, is not to be taken at all as if it were to be conceded that children of a larger growth ought to "develop their nature from within" without proper prohibitions.

Seeing that he admits so candidly the necessity for discipline and authority in education some of Mr. Russell's expressions in the course of the article are rather hard to understand. "State and Church," he says, for instance, "are both hostile to thought, but the Church is also, though now surreptitiously, hostile to instruction. This will pass and is passing as the ecclesiastical authorities perfect the technique of giving instruction without stimulating mental activity—a technique in which long ago the Jesuits led the way." As the Jesuits are the great representatives of discipline and authority in education and in the troublous times of the early reform movement so-called, when the foundations of authority were being sapped, made a supreme success in the educational field, the concluding words of this quotation become even more difficult to understand. Sturm, Cordier and Baduel, the three most distinguished pedagogues of the sixteenth century, as cited by an authority in the history of education, declared that the Jesuits owed their success to the fact that "to the disorder of the universities of the time they opposed the discipline of their colleges and, at the end of three or four years of higher studies, regularly graduated classes of upright, well-trained men."

Mr. Russell's expression as to the Jesuits "giving instruction without stimulating mental activity" is an old-time jibe at Jesuit education originally uttered by their enemies at the universities who were jealous of their success. Like a good many other expressions with regard to the Jesuits that are current particularly in English (for the English feared the Jesuits too much, to be fair with them) it can only be amusing for those who know anything about Jesuit education and rather amazing to find it in the mouth of a man like Mr. Russell who has the scientific habit of mind and is usually careful about his facts. I wonder if the modern English writer has ever tried to look up for himself any of the historical results of Jesuit education so far as "stimulating mental activity" is concerned.

If he does so one of the first things that he will find is that the Jesuits had as students in their schools many of the men whose thought most deeply influenced the intellectual life of Europe for several centuries before the French Revolution, and their suppression in 1773 is declared by many historians to have been a causative factor in that outburst because of the lack of their conservative influence in education on the generation that brought it about. Among pupils of the Jesuits were such men as Galileo and Descartes who surely could do some thinking for themselves,

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Corneille and Molière, whose creative influence in the drama was the greatest in the seventeenth century, Tasso whose Jerusalem Delivered was the most read poem in Europe for two centuries, Cervantes who wrote what Lord Macaulay calls incomparably the greatest novel ever written and who is on record with thorough-going appreciation of him; but then there were many others. Bossuet and Fléchier the great French orators, Montesquieu and Malesherbes, as well as J. B. Rousseau and Fontanelle, the distinguished French writers, Muratori the historian, Buffon the naturalist, Canova the sculptor, Tilly, Wallenstein and Condé, the great military leaders, were all proud to proclaim themselves Jesuit "boys." Even our American revolutionary hero, Baron Steuben, who took the raw Continental troops and trained them into soldiers capable of coping with European veterans had been a pupil of the Jesuits in Prussia.

Nearly all the great men of the golden age of French literature received their early training in the schools of the Jesuits and there have been distinguished critics who have suggested that never was great thought expressed in language more appropriate than at that time. Many of the most distinguished pupils of the Jesuits were men who became prominent in the Church afterwards. Such men as St. Francis de Sales recently proclaimed the patron of writers by the present Pope; Cardinal Frederick Borromeo, whose place in the history of education is so prominent, and such great Popes as Gregory XIII, Benedict XIV, Pius VII and Leo XIII, all of whom left their enduring impress on the intellectual life of the Church, did not hesitate to express the feeling that they owed whatever capacity for good they had in them to the early training which had been given them by the Jesuits. If there is one thing that is characteristic of Jesuit students it is their loyalty to their old masters and their readiness to acknowledge the obligations they are under for the development of what is best in them and above all for the power to do some thinking for themselves—*pace* Mr. Russell.

This surely would seem evidence enough to make the use of the expression, "giving instruction without stimulating mental activity," very dubious to say the least, but the real contradiction of any such characterization of Jesuit education must come from what they themselves have accomplished. Since their foundation the Jesuits have been the greatest writers of books that the world has ever known. Sommervogel has drawn up a list of 12,000 Jesuit authors though he has restricted himself to those who are dead and there are some thousands of Jesuits writing books at the present time.

Almost needless to say they were not all men of one book though 12,000 serious books in the course of some four hundred years would seem to promise a considerable contribution to the intellectual life of the race. Some of these Jesuit authors wrote many books. At least one of them wrote over two hundred. A score or more wrote nearly one hundred, some of them more. Thousands wrote more than a dozen books, for, of course, once a man has achieved a book he seldom confines himself to a single volume. It is probable that there are something like 100,000 books written by Jesuits. Some of their books are huge folios. The Bollandists, one of the best documented of special history collections with regard to which Princeton University Press published a descriptive volume recently, consists of some seventy immense tomes in large folio. Father Kircher, deeply interested in science, published not less than forty-four folio volumes on scientific subjects. Suarez, to whom the world turns now for the philosophic principles of democracy, wrote a score of folio volumes each of them containing probably over a million words. There was actually a suggestion made in the early eighteenth century that the Jesuits, finding themselves unable to suppress other books, had determined to deluge the world with their own publications and thus swamp, as it were, all other writers. I wonder if that is what Mr. Russell meant by "giving instruction without stimulating mental activity."

Some people may think that these Jesuit books are all on philosophy and theology or religion with some text-books for their schools. The surprise for anybody who thinks that will be the number of Jesuits who wrote important books on scientific subjects; for strange as it must seem for a set of men supposed not to stimulate mental activity, the Jesuits wrote a number of important works on science. Father Kircher already mentioned, whose two score of folios on science still command good prices in the book world because of their pioneer character, is but one of these. An example is his book on magnetism in which the first mention of the word electricitas for electricity occurs, for he was the inventer of the term. The great archeological and ethnological museum which he founded, the Kircherian at Rome, is still frequented by students of science. In every scientific department there are great Jesuit writers. In astronomy there is a whole long series of them beginning with Father Clavius to whom we owe the modern Gregorian calendar down to Father Hagen, the director of the Vatican Observatory in our own day, to whom we owe the great Atlas of the Variable Stars. In mathematics, usually thought to be rather stimulating of mental activity they have been particularly fertile. Father Saccheri laid the foundation of the non-Euclidean geometry and anticipated the theory of relativity. Boscovich was the mathematical genius of the eighteenth century. His book on the composition of matter, a subject in which Mr. Russell himself is very much interested, and which anticipates modern thought very strikingly, has recently been republished by the Jugo-Slavian government.

The Jesuits are conspicuous in the foundation of

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most of the modern sciences. Ritter traces to them the beginnings of modern geography. As their men journeyed all over the world as missionaries and were required to send letters home with regard to their work and the localities they visited it is easy to understand where the material came from. They made many important maps. Two Jesuits were first to explore the Nile. They studied China, both Americas, and Thibet. No wonder the Jesuit astronomers and geographers were made associate members of all the learned societies of Europe. They occupy a similar relationship to meteorology and Father Hemmer was the founder of the first meteorological society. They continued to be leaders, for Father Secchi was honored in many ways in the later nineteenth century for his meteorological inventions. Father Alguè, in the Philippines in our time, worked out the problem of foretelling typhoons and in California, Father Ricard seems to have discovered the secret of predicting weather cycles for long periods ahead from sun spots. The modern science of seismology has been developed more by the Jesuits than by any others. There is scarcely an important college of theirs anywhere in the world that has not its seismograph and they are confidently turned to for information whenever earth tremors are noted.

With a record like this it is not surprising to find that Poggendorf's Biographical Dictionary of the Exact Sciences contains the names of nearly 10,000 scientists. About one in ten of these are Catholic clergymen of whom about half are Jesuits. Nearly one in twenty of all the men who are to be remembered by succeeding generations for attainments in science are Jesuits. At least it must be said that they must have "stimulated the mental activity" of the members of the Order. Perhaps the question does not deserve quite such extensive treatment as this because Mr. Russell's expression is only just one of those glittering generalities that men use because they have heard or read them somewhere without ever looking into the facts behind them. If the Jesuits had not stimulated mental activity by their writings and discoveries then it would seem that all education and all our efforts at instruction must be a beating of the air, for in generation after generation these men have been looked up to as leaders of thought.

HASTE TO THE WEDDIN'

By SEUMAS MacMANUS

IT WAS why Bridget made up her mind to go, leavin' Cloonamana and Ireland forever, because Denis McGraph nigh broke her heart—as she, poor hasty girl, thought—the night of the christening above in Partolan MacCue's, when he danced three reels, runnin', with black-eyed Annie Doran, and left people to put pity on her in her own hearin'. It was ill his comin, to do it, to be sure; but black-eyed Annie would tempt Saint Peter to dance with her, though his soon-to-be bride was lookin' on. Denis, as true a boy as ever stepped in shoe leather, just forgot himself, out and out, for an hour, when Annie put the comether on him—and when he came to himself at the end of the third reel, and ran to Bridget's side, she wouldn't know the poor fellow if she met him in her stirabout bowl! And she asked her old boy, Charlie Rua, if he was goin' her way home.

It was black and bleak was the outlook from Bridget's father's door, when, next mornin', she stood in it, after washin' the stirabout bowls, and looked through wet eyes on a weary, weary world entirely. Never before in all of her twenty years did she know that the Bog of Monea was so dismal as it was; nor the corach of Cloon so desolate; nor the Hills of Ard Ban so dreary; nor the cows looked so miserable; and snipes called so down-hearted; nor that Donegal was just a great grave for buryin' bright girls alive!

But she wasn't goin' for to be buried alive—no! And that self-same instant, just in a flash it was, she made up her mind for to be done with Donegal forever. "Who could live here, anyhow?" says she. "Or who would live here? Americay," says she. "Americay?" with her eyes shinin'. "Its there that life and joy is. 'Tis there, sure everyone goes. Americay for me!"

Her own father hardly knew her she was so changed, when she come into the house again, her eyes lit up and lookin' far off. But he was thunderstruck, and all of them were thunderstruck, when she tole them she was for Americay in a fortnight. All the parish was dumbfounded—for she was the last they'd ever dream of turnin' her back on Cloonamana.

"But what about Denis?" everyone said to her when every other argument was lost.

"Denis!" says she, scorchin' them with a look. "I wish him well from the bottom of my heart, but Heaven knows I'm askin' myself what I ever saw in him."

And she meant it deep down in her heart—and believed that 'twas spells some ill-wisher must have put on her to make her fall in love with the likes o' him. And Denis himself, when he heard the word and made haste to her, she shook off cruelly short and sent home with head as low as his heart. Ochon!

But a thraneen Bridget didn't seem to care. She had no more thought of Denis the minute he was out of her sight. She had small thought of her own, who had always been to her seven times dearer than the soul within her. She had no thought for Cloonamana; for

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the hills, for the valleys; for Donegal or for Ireland. Americay! Americay! You'd know by the strange look in her eyes that 'twas on it they were fixed—that her heart was already there and her body soon would be likewise.

"'Tis spells must be on the girl, sure enough," her mother said. And her father agreed. And all the world swore to it.

And small wonder, for she acted as if the fairies had her in their power. For the fortnight before sailin' she was hither and thither, out and in, busy as a houseful of nailers, preparin', and she liltin' like a linnet and singin' like a mavis on May-day. A hearty nod and a cheerin' word she had for everyone that crossed her, as though 'twas Heaven she was harkin' for, and not the land o' the stranger—her heart to all seemin' near high enough to lift her head off. Round her father's house was hustle and bustle, every day of them, to fit his daughter for the journey, that near always meant never comin' back. Bride Moohan, with her sister Ellen, were in the room, dressmakin' day and night almost. And Thomas Hegarty was shoemakin' in the kitchen. And the parish was comin' and goin' to give its gossip and watch the goin's-on, for it couldn't think of anythin' now till it had seen poor Bridget off. And every day after the other they thought her more and more filled with a sort of reckless dare-deviltry that the knowingest of the wise old ones couldn't account for.

And so it was, till came the last night, the night of the Americay Wake. And that was the great night entirely. Though Bridget, like everyone who ever went, had for two days been trampin' to the parish ends leavin' good-bye both with the old man on his crutches and the child in its cradle, to the Americay Wake, of course, came all the parish that weren't too old to crawl or too young to creep. By twos and twos they came—and by threes and threes—single and in bunches —girls in shawls and boys galore—young men of seventy and grey-haired grandmothers, in their well-starched white caps—along the boreen and through the meadows, and over the bogs and down the hills they came in their ones and in their groups—from every side gatherin' to the house of the Wake.

Bridget herself, with her mother and her father, were in the floor's middle, givin' a hearty hand-shake to every fresh comer and puttin' a welcome and twenty before them. The two best fiddlers in Farney were there, and Pat the Piper from Dunanore—the best that ever blew the chanter. By both corners of the hearth the fiddlers were planted, and the piper had his place in the barn, so the man who fasted for music that night got his fill of it, and the boys and girls who could foot it to the music got enough exercise now to keep their feet singin' for a fortnight. The blazin', big fire on the hearth was both boilin' and roastin' and fryin' all things that could be cooked. And Michael Brennan's and Neil Ward's neighborin' houses were under the Wake likewise, and their fires like furnaces cookin' for the crowd. No girl or woman came but had a present with her, either for Bridget's own self, or for Bridget to carry in her box for them to the childer of their heart in the big, lonesome land beyond.

Women in the kitchen were kissin' Bridget and cryin' salt tears over her, and beggin' her to come back to them some time. And the best room was crowded with women, gathered round her poor distracted mother, who was cryin' one minute and laughin' the next, she showin' at the same time every stitch of Bridget's finery and fittin's, for them to fist and finger, test and try, and cry "Glory be!" over them. And there wasn't a time less than a hundred that the poor girl's trunk wasn't turned inside out for the newcomer's edification. And every other time that it was overhauled them that had fingered and fisted each article fifty times that night before, fingered and admired and clucked their tongues over it again to keep the newcomer company. And 'twas small reason to be ashamed of her daughter's goin' away, anyhow, she had—they tould Bridget's mother a hundred times—and that her daughter had as good reason to hold her head high ever after. For no girl left the parish in twenty years so decently done for and trapped for the road as she.

In the kitchen, though, it was that the fun ran, like the Roe Water, fast and furious. There the boys were chaffin' and the girls were blushin'; and this crowd was talkin' and that group was laughin' and the next to it cryin', as like as not. The joke was crackin' and the song was singin' and the story was tellin'. Mrs. Murrin, of the Brae, and Rosie Mulhearn, of the Bottom, were countin' ages with Nabla Gallagher in the one corner; and Donal O'Donnell with Maura Mc Loughlin, in the other corner, match-makin' son and daughter. Ciotaeh MacCann, he was plannin' a boxin' bout with Murty Menaghan here, and Nanny Molly puttin' the comether on Danny the Divil yonder. Charley the Tailor was standin' up for the honor of his trade against Cobbler Condy anigh the door. And the Bacach Ruadh, by the hearth, with a poser in Al-jay-bra, tryin' for to floor Masther MacIntyre and expose him to the multitude. There was crushin' in one place and cryin' in another, and singin' in a third—but whether it was laughin' or cryin', singin' or wailin,' the fun was there all right, runnin' fast and runnin' far—the fun and the music—for the fiddlers, every chance they got, were diddlin' their elbows to daze you, drawin' music at the rate of a hare-hunt, and fetchin' from their boxes tunes enough to fill a church and lift the roof.

And faith, 'twas little of their music went waste, I tell you, for the boys and the girls were footin' it on the floor fit to kill a Christian—hornpipe and jig, single and double reel and strathspey. Such and so much dancin' was seldom seen in Cloonamana in the memory of man before, or for the matter of that, better dancin'

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either. For the pick of the parish was on the floor. Boys and girls who could dance to delight your heart, put the piper out of breath and drove the fiddlers frantic. The like of it was a treat worth comin' forty miles for to see and journeyin' home again hungry.

Bridget's eye had a brighter, wilder glint than ever yet, and her face a higher blush and her voice was gayer, you'd think, and her laugh more ringin', and her step more light, than ever before. She chaffed with this one and chatted with that, and joked with another and laughed with a fourth, and danced with them all. Between times runnin' off to do her duties, still seldom was she off the floor, footin' it fine and dandy to the fiddlers' music. There wasn't a boy in the kitchen but claimed and got a dance with her. And she couldn't have lasted better if 'twas steel she was made of instead of tender flesh and blood.

But the crownin' dance of them all was the last; and that she gave to Denis, who, poor boy, was doleful as a last week's corpse. All night she had been kind to him, but distant. " 'Tis the last dance, Denis achree," says she. "Rise up and have it with me. Then three thousand miles way 'tis I'll remimber it."

Denis was on his two feet in a wink and facin' her on the floor. Every dancer that was risin' sat down when they seen them out. The floor was left for the pair o' them, and the fiddlers, scrapin' up, gave the best in the box—gave it hard and fast, too. But fast and faster she called for the music every minute, faster and faster the fiddlers worked, and quicker and quicker footed the pair upon the floor. A purty pair they were, the breathless house gave in, as ever faced each other on ere a floor in the barony, and as dandy dancers, too. So matched in all ways; so like, the pair of them, and so teetotally unlike—singin' the veins o' them both, with youth and health and strength—the eyes of them shinin' as should the eyes of youth with hopes bright and big, full of energy and determination, fit to face and fight the world for sake of all they loved. Straight as the young rowan trees, the both of them, and ever, too, as lissom and as supple—she, black haired as the raven, and he as fair as a field o' wheat at the shearin'—her dark eyes flashin' fire, and his brown ones beamin' love! 'Twas a picture, every soul agreed, worth comin' a week's journey on bare knees for to see! What a pity—what a pity. Heaven matched them and didn't mean them to be married!

But then the dancin' o' them! Surely never was such dancin' seen afore from Malin Head to Mullaghmast—each of them a pattern for a picture. The steps they were makin', a delight for all time to the eye, and footin' it faster than ever did the feet o' fairies on the fort. Faster and faster Bridget called the music, faster and faster flew the dancers' feet, faster and still faster did the fiddlers fiddle, harder and harder the gatherin' held its breath, till, when at last the people thought the roof would rise from off the house, or the wall would fall, or the dancers drop, or somethin' else extraordinary happen, the fiddlers' strings—'tis long 'twill be remembered—all at one instant snapped on both fiddles, and the fiddlers let their numbed hands fall, while the dancers, stoppin' dead, just walked quietly to their places.

And then the crowd, gettin' use of its tongue and power of its lung, shouted that you might hear them on Slieve Mor and clapped till you'd think the stars must shake and fall.

The door was opened now and the blinds were withdrew—and behold you o' the day was spreadin' in the East! The Wake was at its end, and sad time it was for takin' the road at last.

Lookin' from the threshold in the grey break o' day on the crossroads below, ye could see other poor emigrants, everyone of them at the head of their own crowd o' wailin' friends, fatherin' from all arts and parts.

Bridget's father announced, as if he spoke hard and cruel, " 'Tis time for to be goin'." And ten times more pain was in his own dry eye than maybe in her mother's weepin' heart.

Bridget was proud of how bravely she bore herself, though them that watched her thought her lookin' fierce. Over and over they everyone were kissin' her. Never would they meet her under her own roof-tree again. And because she'd never greet them again under her roof-tree, she kissed them hotly in return—kissed them all—even Denis, who looked like a ghost and was trimblin'! And the people saw that she trimbled and grew white herself, as she kissed him. But she hurried past him as if she was sore afeered of somethin'—and laughed out loud at someone's jokin' word the next minute.

On Patrick Melly's shoulders her trunk was hoisted. The piper and fiddlers, marchin' out, headed the procession for the crossroads—the last gatherin' place and last partin' place likewise. And every man, woman and child fell into their places behind the music.

Bridget, as she took her place next the piper, lifted her head for the first time and looked over the country in the dawnin'—the last look—which she wanted to carry in the eye of her heart to the world's end, and life's end. And a shock she got that sent a shiver through her, from crown to sole, in the view of all. For, och, the sight! The gold sun's rim was now liftin' o'er the brow of Barnesmore, and its first long darts were paintin' the grand hills, and glorifyin' the beautiful bogs, and gildin' the delightful moors, and smilin' on the holmes of yellow corn. A brown hare was skippin' up the Knock's green slope, leavin' a track behind him in the dewy grass, and a lark was mountin' the sky over Revelin, the music of Heaven itself spillin' from his soul! In all the worl' was never a scene a hundredth as beautiful!

And to be goin' away from it forever! Forever! The pride that had been in her, and all the bravery, and all the brag, forsook her in one instant and over her

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heart she clasped both her hands for to keep it from snappin'.

She called out in anguish, like one was bein' stabbed, "I've forgot to kiss the threshold stone that meets each day my father's feet!"

Back over the cassey she raced to the door step, and down on her knees and kissed with a loud kiss the cold, cold threshold stone. Quick to her feet again, pretendin' to herself not to feel the roots of her heart tearin' from her, ran quick—so quick—to take her place, for she was afeered to wait or walk. But a sob from some breakin' heart fell on her ears from behind the garden ditch. To give this poor soul soreneeded comfortin' she bounded within the garden. There, leant against the ditch, his whole body shaken by great, dry sobs, she beheld no other than Denis McGraph!

With a cry that was like a harrow pin tearin' the side o' her she ran tor'st him, her arms thrown wide. Denis didn't dare to move for a minute, paralyzed as he was, with shame and confusion to be so caught. But the next instant he rose up and threw his arms wide for her. "Denis," she called out loud, as she crushed herself against his breast, "Oh, Denis!"

"Farewell. Ye are gone away forever," says Denis.

"Denis," says she, with a wonderful strange light suddenly lightin' up her eyes. "Oh, Denis, the bad, proud, wicked Bridget is gone away forever. But this minute God said to me in me heart—'Let the better Bridget stay—with beauty, and home, and Denis—forever stay!'"

The risin' sun, and the hills, and the moors at dawn o' day, and the listenin' lark in the sky, and the harkenin' hare in the corn, never heard a heartier, happier music than that the piper and the fiddlers played a glad gatherin' back to the house with "Haste to the Weddin'!"

God grant all wakes such happy endin'!

ON CATHEDRAL BUILDING

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

AMID the vast outpouring of publicity connected with the drive for fifteen millions of dollars to construct the New York Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of Saint John the Divine—and with the other Protestant Episcopal Cathedral also being erected in Washington—there are a few notes being struck which are somewhat out of harmony with the prevailing tone of enthusiastic, if rather indiscriminating, approval of these notable enterprises. For example, the Christian Register, Boston, the "Journal of the Free Churches," wants to know if "our Episcopalian neighbors really aim to get the word 'national' fixed in the minds of our countrymen when they refer to the 'national cathedral' now building in Washington? We observe in the Living Church that Oliver Hoyem speaks of 'the work of the sculptors at the national cathedral,' and in a recent rotogravure picture in the New York Times, the underline was in part, 'national cathedral.' It is unfortunate and untrue so to use the word. There is no national church in these United States. The Constitution forbids it."

The Catholic weekly, America, has also expressed itself vigorously in opposition to the participation of Catholics in the drive for the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine. America considers that Catholics should not contribute to the Episcopal building fund, because to do so would be to encourage the propagation of heretical religious teachings. These comments are no doubt elicited by the fact that the New York daily newspapers made much of what was considered to be the coöperation in the drive of representatives of all religious bodies, including Catholics, and the further fact that well known Catholics such as Governor Smith, Mayor Hylan, and Charles M. Schwab, are contributors to the fund.

In the New Republic, that very vigorous and capable writer, Mr. Elmer Davis, terms the whole enterprise, "a pious anachronism," and very wittily, if not always justly, gives voice to a body of opinion which doubtless exists in a much greater measure than would be indicated by the enormous volume of favorable publicity in the daily press.

For the desire of our Protestant Episcopal friends to build a great and beautiful church, that should be the central one for all their communicants in New York, and for all those who may desire to make use of it, we can have nothing but sympathy and approval. The effort itself is a proof of the stirring of an impulse to make religion more of a living force than has been in evidence of late years. That the members of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this city should also endeavor to secure the support of their friends and well-wishers who are not members of their church is surely most unobjectionable. The more people of all beliefs properly coöperate and help each other in matters having to do with religious and social service, the more peace, tolerance, and general friendliness there will be. It is all a question, indeed, of "proper" coöperation. But this is a very vital point. It is most unfortunate that the zeal of those who directed or shaped the effective publicity campaign that accompanied the great drive should have let their zeal lead them into the making of claims which cannot be substantiated. It could not possibly be conceded, for example, by the million and one-quarter of Catholics in New York, that the Cathedral of Saint John the

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Divine is or ever could be in any real sense the communal centre of the religious life of this city. Individual Catholics have contributed, and no doubt many others will contribute, to the building fund in a simple spirit of neighborly friendship, but without the least agreement with such an impossible claim as that made by the speakers and writers who have been promoting the drive.

As Mr. Elmer Davis expresses the matter, the effort of the promoters of the drive seems to be one "to make the building of the cathedral a sort of community crusade in which all New York will participate. This, of course, is quite in the tradition of the great age of cathedral building. In the twelfth century, the whole community collaborated in building the cathedral . . . " But, with all respect to Mr. Elmer Davis, and to those who have sought to convey the impression that what is going on in New York today is identical in spirit with what went on when the great cathedrals were built in the ages of faith, it must be said that such a view is as wrong as a wrong view can possibly be. When the great cathedrals were building in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, all those who had anything to do with the matter had one thing in common, they were all united in one way, and this thing which they had in common, and this way in which they were united, is exactly the reverse of the conditions prevailing in the building of the New York church. For it was the absolute unity of faith, the common and undeviating allegiance to the teachings of the Catholic Church, as it had existed from its beginning and as it still exists today, that held together the mediaeval cathedral builders; even as Catholics today are held together. But it must be said, without any sense of carping, simply as a plain statement of an obvious matter of fact, that there is no such unity, but rather its precise opposite, among our Protestant Episcopal friends, and their friends of other creeds, who are building the magnificent structure on Morningside Heights.

Incidentally, Mr. Elmer Davis objects to the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine because it is to be built in what he terms the style of the twelfth century, the Gothic style, which fact constitutes it, he thinks, "a pious anachronism." According to Mr. Davis, the twelfth century expressed itself in Gothic because Gothic expressed aspiration; which perhaps may be part of the truth. He goes on to say that the Roman Catholic Church considers that "gesture" of the twelfth century final. I take him to mean that in his view the Catholic Church thinks of Gothic as the fixed consummation of its architectural ideal. It is curious, then, that at the present moment, when the Protestant Episcopalians are building two gigantic cathedrals, both in the Gothic style, the Catholic University of America happens to be constructing a great church with which Gothic style has nothing to do; it being based upon Byzantine and Romanesque ideas freely and creatively dealt with by its architects. Mr. Davis might also recall the fact that in Rome itself (St. Peter's, St. John Lateran, etc.) and everywhere throughout Europe, Africa, the Near East and the Orient, thousands of Catholic churches were built before and since the middle ages with little or no reference to the Gothic.

This point, however, need not detain us, because the opinions of Mr. Davis are so at variance with the facts that simply to point out the divergence is sufficient; the real matter at issue is the confusion that exists in the modern mind between spiritual unity, and the sort of unity which is produced by people of all sorts and conditions of spiritual beliefs who happen to combine, more or less fortuitously, under the impulse of good nature or friendly coöperation, in a work of art, or of "social service."

That the artistic worth of the great church will be high, can hardly be doubted. In its plans the genius of a Catholic architect, the late John La Farge, played a vital part. The architect of the immense nave, and the supervising architect of the whole, Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, is far indeed from being a promoter of anachronisms. The sacramental meaning of Gothic architecture, and its value as the vital expression of a religious ideal, a religious philosophy, that did not die with the middle ages, are understood by Mr. Cram with thrilling force. The nave he has planned will be the visible proof that Gothic architecture is the reverse of anachronistic. It will unite the ages with at least an outward symbolism. It will unfortunately lack the inward reality of the Tabernacle enshrining the Real Presence, but at least it is an immense tribute paid by the twentieth century seekers after religious truth to the central meaning of the church architecture of the Age of Faith. It will lead many to ask themselves what that central meaning was, and is. In that sense, the church of Saint John the Divine may prove worth all the treasure poured out, all the energy expended, all the great claims made, for it.

Those who would be interested in a picture of how a great cathedral of the Age of Faith was built, might turn to the description given by J. K. Huysmans in his book dealing with the Cathedral of Chartres, a description which he based carefully upon exhaustive researches among the manuscripts of the period, and which is verified by the writings of many other students. In the twelfth century, the Cathedral of Chartres, which had existed in a cruder form through many centuries previously, was burned. When the news spread, whole populations stopped their regular work, they left their homes, the rich giving money and jewels, and helping the poor to drag their barrows and carry corn and oil, wine, wood and lime, everything that could serve to feed laboring men or help in building a church.

Nothing—neither sloughs, nor bogs, nor pathless forests, nor fordless rivers, could check the advancing tide

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of the marching throng; and one morning, from every point of the compass, lo! they took possession of Chartres.

What still seems incredible, and is nevertheless attested by every chronicle of the time, is that this horde of old folks and children, of women and men, were at once amenable to discipline; and yet they belonged to every class of society, for there were among them knights and ladies of high degree; but divine love was so powerful that it annihilated distinctions and abolished caste; the nobles harnessed themselves with the villeins to drag the trucks, piously fulfilling their task as beasts of burthen; patrician dames helped the peasant women to stir the mortar, and to cook the food . . .

Nothing was ever more simply or more efficiently organized; men and women were no more than docile instruments in the hands of the chiefs they themselves had chosen, and who in their turn obeyed squads of monks. These again were under the orders of the wonderful man, the nameless genius, who, after conceiving the plan of this cathedral, directed the whole work.

To achieve such results the spirit of the multitude must really have been admirable, for the humble and laborious work of plasterers and barrow-men was accepted by all, noble or base-born, as an act of mortification and penance, and at the same time as an honor; and no man was so audacious as to lay hand on the materials belonging to the Virgin till he had made peace with his enemies and confessed his sins. Those who were reluctant to repair the ill they had done, or to frequent the Sacraments, were dismissed from the traces, rejected as reprobates by their comrades, and even by their own families.

It was not the heterogeneous "offerings" of a population helplessly differing in their spiritual and moral beliefs and codes that built Chartres and ten thousand other Catholic churches; it was the unity of one faith, one moral discipline. And each and every Catholic church is, has been, and always will be, first of all a shrine for the Blessed Sacrament: the living presence of God. This is the vital difference.

THE FRENCH KULTURKAMPF OF 1925

By JAMES H. RYAN

EVENTS in France are fast moving towards another religious crisis. The present Socialist government, harried on the one hand by the widespread dissatisfaction of the French people with its inefficient handling of post-war problems, and on the other by a horde of Communist propagandists who are making the most of the present unsatisfactory economic situation to spread their peculiar views of government, has sounded the call to arms against the Church. An outsider would imagine that, considering the gravity of the situation, Premier Herriot should summon to his aid all the constructive forces of the republic for a united onslaught on the Communist peril, rather than make war, as he is doing, on the most important and powerful element in France. The French politician, however, does not reason like other politicians. His first thought always is to save his own skin, and the surest way to do that is to stir up all the trouble possible and from every imaginable quarter.

The "clerical peril," of course, is ever at hand; the Church is always opposed to democratic institutions. Start up the cry of an attack on the republic by the Church, and the whole pack will soon be in active pursuit of the poor "curés." It is the old familiar throwing dust in the eyes of the electorate. Between us and the French, the only difference is that in France the dust-throwing inevitably centers about the position of the Church vis-à-vis the Republic. Denounce the Church as an enemy of the republic and your politician has gone a far way on the road of preserving his own neck.

On December 6, Premier Herriot made the following astounding statement in the House of Deputies: "The government is well aware of its duty and will take action against these foreign Communists who are here agitating against the social peace of the country. We are prepared to order the necessary expulsions and will defend the democratic republic against both the clerical peril and the Communist peril which are threatening it in opposite directions but with the same methods of agitation." I call this statement astounding. As a matter of fact, it is more than astounding; it is the most revolutionary statement to come in our day from the responsible head of a modern state. To us in the United States it appears as nothing less than political buffoonery. To a Frenchman, however, the humor of a situation in which a denunciation of Communism by Herriot who, since 1920, has openly flirted with Moscow, is coupled with a cry to arms against Catholicism, must be little short of uncontrollable. If Herriot were to denounce the Church, his attitude could be easily understood. To link up the Church with Communism is an impudence which only a Socialist Prime Minister of France could be capable of.

Every man conversant with the trend of events in France knows that Herriot is but reaping where he has sown. Since the earliest days of the Moscow revolution, he has been in close and sympathetic touch with the Red forces. As long ago as 1920, he was in direct communication with the Soviet leaders. In 1922, during a visit to Russia, posing as the spokesman of France, he expressed French sympathy with the aims of the Soviets and declared himself favorable to a resumption of diplomatic relations between France and the Russian Communists. On the very day he made

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his now famous speech he received in private audience the Soviet Russian Ambassador, Krassin. The press did not report what occurred at that meeting. Herriot could not but have received Krassin in a friendly manner, since he encouraged the Communist reception which took place when Krassin arrived in Paris, the most spectacular popular outbreak ever to occur on the arrival of a foreign ambassador, more than ten thousand people parading and crying themselves hoarse.

Herriot also countenanced the tremendous demonstration which recently happened when the remains of the famous radical, Juarés were moved to the Pantheon. On that day the people were compelled to salute the Red flag, and not a soldier or member of the gendarmerie was allowed to protest or interfere. If Communist propaganda has reached such a point now that it threatens the welfare of the republic, Frenchmen have no one to blame but their present Prime Minister who, in defiance of the sane policy of his predecessors, has openly, and on every possible occasion, come to the aid of Communism and insisted upon its recognition by his own government.

Nothing could be more harmful to French interests both at home and abroad at the present hour than a resumption of the religious warfare which waged from 1901 to 1914. Herriot, however, seems determined to reopen the question of the status of Catholics in the French republic and has publicly announced, as one of the major elements of his domestic policy, the enforcement of the iniquitous laws of the First of July, 1901, and of the Seventh of July, 1904, relative to the presence of religious congregations in France. The Catholics are organizing to resist these Socialist onslaughts with all the power they can command. Even the former President of the republic, Millerand, has denounced the policy of the Extreme Left. In a speech to the Paris Young Men's Christian Union, he asked, "Are we going to have an era of religious quarrels once again? Six years have gone by since the victory and this is the future offered to the country. I cannot believe it. Our dead will not allow it."

To comprehend the present anti-clerical policy of M. Herriot one has to go back to the laws of 1901 and 1904 to realize that by virtue of these laws all the religious communities were deprived of the rights accorded by the common law to other French associations. No religious association of any kind was permitted to act or even to exist in France; neither was any religious organization allowed to conduct schools. Church property was confiscated by the state to the value of over 600,000,000 francs. The clergy, and especially the bishops, were hampered on all sides in the exercise of their religious duties. It is to the strict enforcement of these ancient laws that Herriot has committed himself and his government. The "lay school" and the "secular state" are to be supreme again, and the ignoble religious persecutions of Waldeck-Rousseau and Emile Combes are to be pushed with all the vigor which an infuriated radical bloc can command. Unquestionably the Church in France must look forward to stormy days.

The reason given for the renewal of hostilities on the Church at the present time is that, due to conditions resultant on the outbreak of the world war, it was found impossible to execute the laws of separation. Countless religious had come back to France from Belgium; they had fought with the French armies; since the signing of the armistice they had returned to their religious work in the schools and in the hospitals. The result has been a great quickening of religious fervor in the French people and a notable change in their former attitude towards the clergy and religious. The Socialists view this increasing power of the Church with an envious eye, and on the accession of the Left to power, they immediately called for a strict enforcement of the old laws of secularization. As a result both of their extreme political principles, which look on the state as supreme in all matters even of religion, and of their hatred of the Bloc Nationale which, under the leadership of Poincaré and Millerand, allowed the confiscatory laws of 1904 to lapse into disuse and to become practically inoperative, the Socialists have decreed the extinction of all religious orders, the suppression of the Vatican Embassy, and the application of the régime of separation and the enforcement of the laws against denominational schools in Alsace-Lorraine. Thus, the atmosphere of strife which had poisoned all public life during the stormy days of Combes is to be brought back again and the nation which, under the stress of war, had attained such remarkable unity, is to be torn in two by the belligerents in a religious war.

That the Church shall not stand idly by and permit herself to be despoiled a second time in less than a quarter of a century is proven by the course of recent events. The Catholics of Alsace-Lorraine have risen as one man, demanding that their rights be respected. This they do, not only in the name of liberty, but as a direct demand that the Herriot ministry respect the promises made to them by Clemenceau, Poincaré, Foch, and others that their religious rights would be respected after their return to France. So widespread and powerful have been these protests that Herriot has already receded from his early position in which he declared for the complete secularization of Alsace-Lorraine, and has submitted the question of future action to the Grand Council of State. What the decision of the Council shall be no one knows. The inhabitants of the restored provinces, however, are undoubtedly determined that the French government, no matter what political party it represents, shall respect the religious rights which they look upon as inalienable, and before which even Germany was forced to bow.

It is becoming more evident daily that French Catholics shall likewise resist the putting into force of the

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Herriot policies. Demonstration after demonstration has occurred all over France. Protests are reaching the Council of State and the Ministry from every quarter. French Catholic organizations are drawing closer together for a final battle with their Socialist persecutors. Under the able leadership of de Castelnau, one of the greatest heroes of the war, a Federation Nationale Catholique has been founded, whose purpose is to offer active resistance to the progress of the secularization policies of the enemies of the Church. Their platform proclaims "active resistance" against (1) all laws injurious to the Church; (2) the violation of the government's word of honor to Alsace-Lorraine, and (3) the expulsion of religious men and women from France.

The most significant action of protest against the Herriot policies, as they affect the Church, was taken recently when six cardinals, speaking in their official capacity, indicted a letter to the Premier which practically accepts the challenge thrown down and declares in no uncertain terms the determination of the French Church to protect itself, come what may. This letter, which is no less than an historical event in the struggle between the Church and the Socialists, marks the parting of the ways. "The measures projected by your government," wrote the cardinals, "constitute serious threats to internal peace, to justice and liberty, to the interest of the country and to the prestige of France in the eyes of the foreigner. Their consequences would weigh heavily upon our national life; we do not wish to believe that they will ever be executed." The letter closes with a dignified yet firm statement of the Catholic position: "Apostles of peace and charity, we know not hatred. We do not seek war. Should it be imposed on us, we should submit to it with regret but not without resistance, being obliged by our conscience to claim, for all Catholics, priests, religious, and faithful, the right to live in security, respect of their faith and the enjoyment of every legitimate liberty."

The Prime Minister replied immediately to the open letter of the French hierarchy, declaring that "we shall not make or shall we permit that there be made any attempt against the freedom of worship which it is our duty to guarantee." This statement, if it had meant what it appears on its face to mean, would have been all-sufficient and the religious crisis happily would have been averted. Herriot, however, in this letter reiterated his determination to enforce the laws against religious congregations, and while asking consideration of the Church on the one hand, in polite but unmistakable terms stated that the government over which he presides cannot recede from its original position. The radical and socialist newspapers, as was to be supposed, saw in the letter of the cardinals a threat of civil war, and called upon the President of the Council to proceed with the "vigor of Combes" against the agitation of the clericals.

The policy of the present French ministry is altogether unintelligible to the ordinary American observer. In a country like ours where church and state are separated by law, the discriminations and inequalities which characterize the execution of the French law of separation are difficult to master. But France is not the United States, and French laws are not American laws. In 1904 the laws of separation resulted in the expulsion of thousands of religious from the country, and in the confiscation of millions of dollars of property. Our wonder at this action is increased and our understanding of the situation is not helped when we remember that, at the call of the nation, in its hour of extreme peril, over eight thousand of these exile priests returned to fight for their beloved France. The glorious war record of the clergy of France, of whom 1,464 were killed in battle and 2,565 decorated for heroic acts of bravery, is now in danger of being dimmed by the hatred of a group of radicals who are determined to expel from the country every one who has devoted his life to the welfare of his fellow man, through the ministrations of the Church. Moreover, the expulsion of these tried and true patriots seems to us to come with very bad grace from a Prime Minister who was mainly responsible for the recent amnesty law which permitted the wholesale return to France of deserters, defeatists, and even traitors of the great war.

Americans of every and of no religion cannot but view this new essay of a group of radical socialist politicians into the field of religious warfare with grave misgivings. According to our settled viewpoint, the law must be the same for all; neither should it molest any one for his religious opinions. We look upon religious persecution at the present day as out of harmony with our philosophy of the equality of all men before the law and with the impartial treatment which should characterize every government in its relations with its subjects. We are deeply interested in the maintenance of world peace, and in the development of democratic government the world over. But to discover France, one of the most enlightened of modern democracies, now prepared to embark on a series of religious persecutions is to shake our faith in democratic principles and to set back, for how long no one can say, the definitive triumph of democracy amongst the nations of the world. If for no other reason than for the continued preservation of her good name, France should immediately desist from the suicidal course into which her radical and socialist politicians are trying to push her.

Love and Hate

Yea, Love is blind! Yet more her night descries
That Hatred with his thousand peering eyes.

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

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SONNETS

The Poet

Loveliness, a dream, appeared to thee
One midnight when consenting stars were bright
Clear symbols of the Uncreated Light;
And when in surging monotone the sea
Sang rhythmic tunes of a high mystery,
She led thy soul through gates concealed of night
Unto that altar where with mystic rite
Her priests—our Poets—serve in sanctity.

And now though doubting thought may strive to wrong
Thy spirit's knowledge and thy flesh be weak
As is all flesh, thy soul through time's full ruth
Holds fast its faith; thy sacramental song,
Ineffably felicitous, would speak
Beauty's eternal word that is the Truth.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

Life

Life—a spasm of pain between two eternal oblivions.
—James Thomson.

Is this, then, Life—merely a spasm of pain
Between two dark oblivions, as one saith;
A cry in the night which no one answereth;
A doomed voyage upon an angry main;
A beaten slave dragging his heavy chain;
A wavering torch amid the gusts of death;
A cell for madness; brief and difficult breath;
A ploughing of sand, as hopeless and as vain?

All these Life well might seem, and worse than these,
Had we no firmer trust than Time's decay,
But oh, being heirs to Him Who won us ease,
We have sure footing and an ampler stay,
With Faith the lamp to light the shadowed way
And Love, the friend, guiding our steps to peace.

JOHN BUNKER.

Image

But words were never beautiful enough,
Nor light enough, nor thin as they should be:
Wherewith was I to clothe you, with what stuff
That still had left your radiance blowing free?
There should be words like scarfs that touch and cling
And fall away from whiteness in escape—
To gather lightly to so swift a thing,
And blow like air about so brief a shape.

Now do you go forever in my thought,
Unclad of speech, inviolate of sound,
Through stillnesses where never a word is wrought,
Lest it should bind you who must go unbound—
Lest it obscure a brightness brought to less
Than your most white, unworded nakedness.

DAVID MORTON.

Kyrie!

Be merciful, O Lord! since no degree
Of human love but patterned is by Thine,
Though this of that a slighter shadow be
Than bread of body, or of blood than wine:
If now, as of old time, no victim bleeds
Upon unhallowed altars, but by rule
Of Thy clean worship all love's words and deeds
And thoughts are swayed—O Christ, be merciful!

Nor judge me though Thy bridal robe all day
Hides not my tattered liveries of Sin.
But yestereve about his courts I lay
Mocking Thy grooms that would have borne me in,
Who now the altar clothe—the chalice fill
Of my redemption. Lord! show mercy still.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

Michelangelo Looks Back

—And I felt God as Power! that painter—thine—
Styled Perugino; not for me his saved
Languid in bliss; rather the men who braved
Hell's murky gates in panoply divine;
Muscle and sinew wrought to modelling fine
By righteous spirit. David—Moses craved
Strength—and I sculptured Titans! bodies laved
In God's own flame shone forth in marble—mine!

With Mary Theotókos who Christ bore—
Chiselled in cosmic grandeur. Souls who storm
Heaven's walls of light must every weakness shed.
—Now I am old and company no more
God's great; but stretch my tired arms cruciform
As long ago above young Raphael dead.

ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL.

Sightless Hearts

The wind builds visible beauty; the wind goes
Over the upland grass and down the dale;
It bulks the outward-voyaging, sun-bright sail;
Unseen itself, through visible things it flows
In might and majesty—sets water dappling,
Wakes dancing leaves upon a slender sapling,
Moves clouds that change into a bank of rose
Then fading hyacinth—while twilight glows.

Yet there are those, esteemed as wise, who, seeing
The way the wind goes where the tree-tops shine,
Accord it credence by seen paths so trod—
Who yet, with sightless hearts, reject God's being,
Nor, back of Life and Time, detect the divine
Perpetual immanence of unseen God!

HARRY KEMP.

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COMMUNICATIONS

FAITH AND REASON

New Haven, Conn.

TO the Editor:—The purpose of your leading article, An Endocrine Absurdity, in The Commonweal for January 14, is highly praiseworthy. But has not your zeal in combatting materialistic vagaries led you to prejudice the cause you would defend, by relegating all our knowledge of spirit to the realm of faith?

My chief quarrel is with the paragraph in which, after referring to "the faint light of metaphysical speculation," you declare that "belief in the existence of spirit as apart from matter, of soul as independent of body," etc., is "one of the truths which must be taken on authority—backed by an innate and undying instinct in ourselves."

Now the whole science of psychology as understood by the Neo-Scholastics culminates in its concept of the rational soul as a principle whose spirituality or non-materiality is demonstrated from its characteristic activities of thinking and willing. We learn something of the soul's spirituality by recognizing the fact that these activities are essentially spiritual, though exercised through material instruments and on material data. Such knowledge of the soul, like our natural knowledge of God, is indirect, negative or analogical. It is none the less real and strictly scientific, in as much as it is derived from reasoning on the data of experience, without any recourse to authority.

The only effective attack on materialism is by constant emphasis on the truths that our philosophic knowledge of spirit does *not* presuppose faith in order to be something more than a "faint light "or an "innate instinct," that rational psychology and metaphysics are the highest manifestations of true science, and that their methods are simply a continuation of the same principles which make the more specialized sciences possible. It is not because the scientists are scientists that most of them will not listen to us, but because, when they get beyond their specialties, they are more or less consciously infected by intellectual scepticism of the Kantian type, a state of mind which your article would do more to encourage than to dispel.

For, if we ask the materialistic scientist to accept the existence of spirit on faith alone we are playing into his hands by asking for just the sort of faith, totally divorced from reason, which he expects us to require, and he quite properly refuses. And if by chance he knows something of Catholic theology (which is, I admit, extremely unlikely!) he can get us into grave theological difficulties. "Of course," this well informed though improbable gentleman may easily remark, "since you hold that all knowledge of spirit comes from faith, you deny the validity of natural theology. You are, in short, a Fideist." Which would be very embarrassing indeed!

If, on the other hand, we oppose materialism with the sturdy rationalism of scholastic psychology, so congenial to all that is best in the scientific spirit, we may have real hope of winning honest and open minds to philosophic common sense in general and a sense of proportion concerning endocrines in particular. Nay, we may prepare the way for that far richer knowledge of the soul which only the grace of faith can bring.

T. LAWRASON RIGGS.

THE VIEW OF THE IMMIGRANT

Wawa, Pa.

TO the Editor:—One of the curious phenomena of the early days of Russian revolution was the sudden injection of virulent bitterness against all things American, among Russians theretofore friendly, by the very people who should have known America best, the returning Russian-Jewish-Americans from New York. Their violence was disconcerting; their fantastic descriptions of American life incomprehensible. One very current illustration of labor conditions, much used in public oratory, concerned the crucifixion of strike leaders, by the United States Steel Corporation "upon the great gates of the steel mills." If one may with great caution use a comparison drawn from the French Revolution too easily misleading, it was the first shadow of the "montagne" cast across the "Plaine," menacing the "Girondin" Parliamentarians.

Some time after the accession of Lenin and Trotzky to power (foretold by Lenin, offered by him to the American press in a signed article which never passed the Allied censors, and carried through exactly, to the hour of their announced schedule) Senator Borah called a conference in his office at the capitol, of those Americans who might be supposed to have some idea of what was going on, for the clarification of his own mind on an American policy. The writer happened to be seated next to Mr. Samuel Gompers, whom he had known in labor difficulties, and for whose judgment and intelligence he had a profound respect, coupled with an understanding of (if not a whole-hearted sympathy, always, with) his methods. He took occasion, in conversation, to ask Mr. Gompers's explanation of this poisonous hatred of America on the part of those who had obviously left unsatisfactory conditions in Russia for the advantages of the United States.

"Advantages?" (Gompers fairly exploded the word.) "What advantages? What do they know of America but Ellis Island and the sweatshops and slums of the East Side of New York? Wherein was Russia ever worse to them than that combination? What have they ever seen of your America? What have they ever fed upon but the 'tyranny and injustice of corporations' and the petty graft of those who in their minds, stand for government? Advantages indeed! Is it any wonder?"

I wonder how many of us have had personal contact, incognito, with Ellis Island, as has the writer? How many of us realized the utter imbecility of government agents in dealing with a very serious and menacing problem at that time?

That we are turning slowly, in the western world, to cautious conservatism is due, I think, not to governments, but to a dawning sober understanding of the impracticability of the Marxian system of tyranny, and to a deep loathing of the excesses of terrorism following directly upon the cruelty and havoc of the war. People throughout the western world have had enough of death. We are turning to some other way out of our troubles. The rising tide of conservatism is based perhaps in part upon a desire to live, and to live in comfort and security.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Processional

THIS play by John Howard Lawson is presented by the Theatre Guild frankly as an experiment. This much is certain; in its outward aspects, you have never seen a play like it before. Nor are you likely to again, because it is the sort of thing that once done cannot be done again, except in the most shameless spirit of imitation. But underneath the surface, in what it tells of the soul and the mind, in its almost unconscious symbolisms, it is not new but rather as old as the legends of humanity itself. It is the struggle of man to free himself from materialism, to attain something higher than the general level of his surroundings, and the discovery that this attainment comes only through suffering and torture. The final attainment is not included in the play, but only the rumor of it—something creative and fine emerging from the syncopated chaos of modern American life.

To scoff at this play is easy; to understand it demands some patience and good will, for it is essentially an allegory told in the language, in the mannerisms and in the surroundings of the present day. In a West Virginia coal mining town at the time of a strike, Dynamite Jim, the son of a mountaineer woman, breaks from prison, murders a soldier who tries to block his escape, flees to his mother's cabin in the hills, and at last, when surrounded by troops in his effort to break through the lines, takes for himself Sadie, the daughter of a Jewish shop keeper. He is hunted down by the soldiers and the Ku Klux Klan, hung, and his eyes put out. But his body is cut down in time to save his life and five months later he returns to find his mother and the girl whom he has made a mother. The Klan has tried to run them both out of town, but Jim finds Sadie in time to marry her, and though his eyes no longer see, to catch the bells in her voice—the song of motherhood that has transformed her from a little sensualist into a woman, fired with the passion "to raise her kid."

This is the bare story. In its telling, Mr. Lawson has surrounded it with the bald, trashy circumstances of American life. He calls the play a symphony in jazz—because, in its treatment, he has jumbled together all the weird and incongruous elements of American life and thought, elements of burlesque, extravaganza, tragedy, comedy, irony and biting hate, all to the perpetual accompaniment, sometimes on stage, more often off, of resounding jazz music. Like the excruciating blare of a saxophone rising stridently above a rolling melody, the most absurd and grotesque lines, actions and situations obtrude themselves into moments of tragic power. Everywhere the jazz tempo, which, after all, symbolizes so aptly the confusion of our lives since the close of the war—no thought continued long enough to gather strength, no beauty permitted to shine without hoarse laughter, no emotion allowed to enlarge without being jabbed by absurdity—as if everywhere a circus parade were to meet a funeral and each convey something of its own spirit to the other. This is no symphony, no agreeable blending of sounds or of ideas, but a cacophony, a throwing together of discords from which—if we follow the allegory closely—something creative, perhaps symphonic, may emerge later.

For the allegory is the thing to cleave to if you want to see the beauty hidden in the circus tent. What is it, after all, but crime, punishment and redemption? When Jim has murdered the soldier, he cries out to the spirit of his mother—"I have done a black thing!" Black indeed, and more black things are added, more murders and the taking of Sadie Cohen, herself a pleasure loving, jazz-tuned girl of the town. Black deeds on his soul, in which most of the discordant life forces around him are partners. And for this comes the black punishment of blindness. As his soul, so shall his body become, until from within he learns to summon a different light that makes him a man of towering strength. And of Sadie the same thing. The jazz in her veins has blinded her as well. Her whole world rises up to mock and deride her—some to scourge her from town, others to advise her against fulfilling motherhood. But against this tide rises her small voice, like a pilgrim in the night—"I want to raise my kid!" And in the blind humility of Jim and the dawning womanhood of Sadie, united at last and alone, even though the strains of jazz still sound faintly in their ears, you have, I believe, as fine a promise of redemption as a playwright dealing only with natural forces can give. What is more, if you broaden the allegory to include the things actually going on beneath the surface of American life today, you can see that it holds true of the nation at large—lost in a mad pleasure hunt, blackened with murders and crime without precedent, carrying into everything the blatant rhythm of jazz, and yet, in spite of all, showing a faint creative promise, born from the very suffering we are trying to escape, a voice sounding from the depths, still very feeble, yet gaining in volume and sweetness and courage.

One might easily gather the impression that Mr. Lawson is straining after unusual and startling effects, that much of the pandemonium is purely an effort to achieve the bizarre. It is quite evident that many of the critics who have written of Processional hold this view. One, in particular, has complained that it lacked simplicity. But is there such a thing as simplicity in chaos itself? The play has a very real simplicity in the main allegory. It is the outward circumstances that are chaotic. After all, if one once accepts the idea that jazz music is only one symptom of a general national and even world-wide disease, all the rest falls into line spontaneously. If Mr. Lawson had been straining deliberately at effect, he could hardly have achieved this effect of spontaneous effusion. The work is too crude and uneven to bear the marks of studied effort. It is a torrent, not an artificial canal of human emotions. The Theatre Guild showed fine courage in producing it, and George Abbot as Jim, and June Walker as Sadie, have contributed some unforgettable moments to American stage history. They have caught the spirit of the drama and made it alive. I do not say that you will enjoy Processional. It has many moments of objectionable realism, but respect is due the good and fine things that are in it. When Mr. Lawson learns the secret that restraint in depicting sexual matters heightens rather than weakens dramatic force, he will be by that much a truer artist. He now mars his fine purpose by crudity mistaken for force.

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The Iron Horse

WHEN steel rails began to penetrate into the wilderness of the far West, romance and adventure ran high. In those days the laying of track was a battle, often for life itself, a battle with arid land, a battle to win food, a battle with snow and ice and the north blasts, a battle with corruption and treachery, and a battle with the resentful, unyielding Indian. Moreover, it was in the most literal sense a battle for the unity of the United States, for the integrity and strength of a nation. This battle is the theme of the Iron Horse, a screen drama that makes little pretense at the higher subtleties of the motion picture art, but has in it much of the raw vitality of the period, much of the spirit of a Remington painting, and a great deal of rough power at which only the embalmed sophisticates can afford to sneer.

Where this picture succeeds particularly well is in subordinating the action of the love story to the sense of vast constructive effort involved in the gigantic task of laying the rails. The ring of the rails sounds throughout, insistent, inevitable, the thin needle of steel singing its way through prairie and mountain, proclaiming the dawn of the day of metal and steam and rivets and machines. It is one of those rare pictures that partakes of the epic quality—not chanting the deeds of one man only but the spirit of a continent at one of its glorious moments.

When Choosing Your Plays

Two Married Men—In which the masculine protest works with one wife and not with the other—and why. Construction poor.

Pigs—Rural comedy scoured with Sapolio for cleanliness. Good characterization.

Patience—A splendid revival of Gilbert and Sullivan.

Old English—A fine portrait, superbly acted by George Arliss, with false sentiment dangerously obscuring the real moral.

"Mrs. Partridge Presents"—In which the sub-flapper generation proves to be astonishingly conservative.

Chauve Souris—Not as interesting as previous editions.

Silence—H. B. Warner in a typical reformed crook play. Too much "end justifies the means."

Candida—Splendid acting of a play in which Bernard Shaw exhibits his unsound philosophy and his sound instincts side by side.

New Brooms—Frank Craven delightful in his own comedy.

Othello—A splendid production with Walter Hampden.

Peter Pan—Marilyn Miller and Broadway mixed up in Barrie's play.

S. S. Glencairn—O'Neill at his earliest and least interesting.

Quarantine—Considerable veneer pasted over an unwholesome comedy.

The Little Clay Cart—An ancient Hindu play with morals not easily understood today, but cleanly and charmingly presented.

Desire Under the Elms—Eugene O'Neill at his most morbid repast.

They Knew What They Wanted—A play with a tragic beginning and a fine ending.

Minick—An excellent comedy showing remarkable insight into the problem of two generations under one roof.

White Cargo—A morbid story of the white man's degeneration in the tropics. Mostly unrelieved gloom.

Dancing Mothers—In which a flapper reforms and her mother does the reverse. Well acted, but the outlook unhealthy.

The Show-Off—A sterling comedy that touches a guilty chord in many who laugh at it uproariously.

What Price Glory—A very fine, though not a great, play, which tries to be pacifist, but only succeeds in extolling true glory.

The Guardsman—A play in which the artistic temperament and infidelity are selected as comic themes.

BOOKS

Straws and Prayer-Books, by James Branch Cabell. New York: Robert M. McBride Company. $2.00.

MRS. GEROULD, in an article on the American Short Story, contributed to the July number of the Yale Review, brushes Mr. Cabell aside with the remark, "You cannot really criticise what you are unable to read." This is somewhat disingenuous; for of course she understands quite well that yawning at a play, or falling asleep at a sermon, is criticism of a very drastic sort. But, evidently fearing the obtuseness of her readers, she went on to say of the books she could not read: "The affectation of Mr. Cabell's absurd English is one that I cannot away with. I would never suppress Mr. Cabell on the score of morals, but I think one might quietly hold him *tabu* on the score of his atrocious style." Mr. Cabell in Straws and Prayer-Books gets even, as he always does with anyone who ventures to disparage him, by referring to Mrs. Gerould, as "the author of many stories so exactly in the best manner of Henry James that they well might actually have been written by Mrs. EdithWharton." From the fact that he lists Henry James among his ten pet detestations in letters, his contempt for Mrs. Gerould may be fairly accurately inferred.

I instance this entertaining exchange of auctorial amenities merely to provide myself with a way of approach to my subject. I cannot agree with Mrs. Gerould about Mr. Cabell's style, except with enough qualifications to remove the sting of the impeachment; neither can I endorse, without an equal number of weighty qualifications, the claims advanced with so lofty a superiority by the Cabellites. I find, in short, Mr. Cabell's books hard to read; I also find them to repay the labor they exact.

One can never tell Mr. Cabell anything about himself that he does not already know, or that he has not said, under the pretense of saying them about somebody else, about himself. He is an adept at the art of disarming criticism with specious candor. In The Cords of Vanity he tells us: "No man who writes with care is ever read with pleasure; you may toil through a page or two perhaps, but presently you are noting how precisely every word is fitted to the thought, and later you are noting nothing else. You are insensibly beguiled into a fidgetty-footed analysis of every clause, which fatigues in the outcome, and by the tenth page you are yawning."

I have called this specious candor. Mr. Cabell must know that it is not care in writing that is irritating, but the parading of care, the use of elaborate phrases to effect what could have been as easily, and therefore more adroitly, achieved by simplicity. When words are precisely fitted to the thought the joints are so cunningly made that they escape the eye of all save the experts. Admiration then murmurs "how felicitous," not "how dexterous." The second degree of skill results in nervous writing in the sense of writing that gets on the reader's nerves. The artist is not capable of serene mastery, and so is forever displaying his tricks. He calls the spectator's attention to the technique exhibited, unaware that technique which allows itself to be seen is imperfect.

This is a point that applies to more than the arts; it is true in every department of life. We have, for example, all met the man whose manners were too formal for a gentleman; the man whose too careful dressing showed him to be a fop; or the man whose too precise enunciation suggested a governess.

Something of the sort is the trouble with James Branch Cabell. One cannot catch him out of his singing robe and

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without his garlands and laurel; and his air, while wearing these, is that of a man who has not quite got used to them.

The outcome of his studied attitude is attitudinizing for his aesthetic affectations spring from a moral root. His divided mind is his undoing. Really beautiful passages and much wit and humor are to be found in Mr. Cabell's pages; but the reader is exasperated by remembering that a man who can write so well should have written so badly a little further back, and by foreseeing that he will be certain to write as badly again a little further on. Incisive wisdom and moments of common sense, in which Mr. Cabell has as short a shrift for humbug as the terrible Mr. Mencken himself, alternate with windy drivel. Yet if the reader can never count upon the author's brilliance sustaining itself for long, he can also luckily be sure that the tediousness he is doomed to encounter will not last forever. He is by turns bored and delighted.

An incidental consequence of Mr. Cabell's habit of attitudinizing should be noted. With a very extensive, if capricious, scholarship he chooses to assume a more comprehensive scholarship than he actually possesses. Maurice Hewlett once wrote a famous, unjust and (from him) strikingly absurd review of Figures of Earth condemning the use of certain outlandish terms in the book that appeared to him to have been invented by the novelist. Cabell, of course, had a perfect right to invent such terms if he chose; but, as he was quick to point out, he had not invented but had borrowed them from the Gaelic. Yet in every case he had used the terms quite incorrectly.

Again, it is disconcerting to see so accomplished a writer using the word "kindlily," as he does on page 152 of Straws and Prayer-Books. This is as bad as "overly" or "illy."

After reading this book I have a feeling that Mr. Cabell is temperamentally not a novelist at all, but an essayist. To me the least interesting parts of Straws and Prayer-Books are the two little allegorical tales interpolated. Indeed, the author himself professes to consider his fifteen novels as so many chapters in his Biography, with Beyond Life as the prologue and Straws and Prayer-Books as the epilogue. It is true that in all that he has written he is his own hero and his own rogue—just as it was true of Byron. And under cover of discussing literature in general Cabell is really seeking to justify himself.

In the course of doing so he treats us to some shrewd, and at times malicious comments upon his contemporaries; not so good perhaps as the amazingly fine passages on Marlowe and Congreve in Beyond Life, but nevertheless brilliant bits of critical writing. It is in such things that Cabell excells. It is possible to forget every incident in the novels (I confess for my part that it is hard to remember a single one); but no reader of them will ever, I imagine, be able to forget the passages on Congreve's Mrs. Millamant. Yes, undoubtedly Cabell should have been an essayist.

When the last word has been said by Cabell in justification of himself, one is left with an impression of the author's sense of frustration. He attitudinizes to the last; he will never quite take the mask from his face, though he often tells us he is about to do so; he is so bewilderingly digressive that it is not easy to follow him; and it is never safe to take anything he says too seriously. All the same he gives himself away. Beneath the bravado one perceives fear.

In so far as his bitterness hardens to impersonal anger it serves to strike many an angry spark out of the rock of reality, as when Cabell speaks of the Prohibitionists expressing "their disfavor of intemperance by decreeing that wine is a compound too atrocious to be employed for any purpose except to symbolize the blood of Christ"; or "the accent with which the eunuch advocates birth control."

Cabell's anger, unfortunately, is almost never pure and impersonal; but arises out of a feeling of enraged disappointment. Something may be allowed for the enormous egotism of the man; yet when he is at such pains to compass the history of letters in order to explain himself we may be sure it is because of a gnawing suspicion that he has, after all, made a ghastly mistake. Possibly even the egotism is a mask for this. With many flourishes and brave words Mr. Cabell continues to bluff the matter through. But he has frightened moments when he lets us see much more than he had intended.

He insists a shade too strongly upon his doctrine, so that I, for one, become haunted with the idea that if he ever believed in it, he does not believe in it any longer. He is too pat with his proofs, too ingeniously logical in his arguments, too determined to bend all literature one (his own) way, and too clever in disguising his secret sentimentalities to convince. With reference to the last point, ponder the Babbitry of his yearning for the "witch-woman."

A lot of pretty fellows before Mr. Cabell's time have had their fling at making paradoxes around the idea of art holding up the mirror to nature. None of them, however, seriously pretended to believe their perversities, or expected anyone to believe them. What they did in the impudent high spirits of youth Mr. Cabell does with the gravity of middle age—not with any greater degree of conviction (for he is one of the most intelligent men who ever lived) but with greater powers of self-deception. Nobody before Mr. Cabell has cared enough about the dainty toy so many have played with to waste tears when it was broken. Mr. Cabell is alone in trying deliberately to exist upon an illusion that everybody else has been willing to discard, after they had tired of it, as a harmless joke.

Of course there is some truth in the idea of art being an escape from reality—just enough truth to provide material for a paradox. Mr. Cabell puts it as neatly as anybody when he writes: "That art is a criticism of life, appears a favorite apothegm among those who know least about either. Yet the statement is true enough, in the sense that prison-breaking is a criticism of the penitentiary. Art is, in its last terms, an evasion of the distasteful. The artist simply does not like the earth he inhabits: for the laws of nature his admiration has always been remarkably temperate; and with the laws of society he has never had any patience whatever."

Would "the Father of the Romantic Revival" have accepted one word of this definition of Romanticism? Here for once we have something more than that familiar quarrel over terms, in which the disputants are really saying the same thing in different ways. Romantic and Realist could unite in the mysticism that describes art as an escape from the prison of illusion and the penetration into reality. Cabell would transpose the key words: Illusion is, as he professes, his goal.

The consequence is a fathomless scepticism. "Man's spirit," says Mr. Cabell, "lives only by beauty; but all beauty is a lie." This is his creed. And whether he truly believes it or not he has acted upon it. Hence the despair we may glimpse when he fumbles a moment with his mask.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

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Studies in the History of Mediaeval Science, by Charles Homer Haskins. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $6.00.

ACTIVE research today into mediaeval matters is a matter on which we can all congratulate ourselves for the further it proceeds the less becomes the legend which painted that part of the history of Europe as black with ignorance. This erudite book will be a real treasure to historians, indeed scholars of all varieties, and we say scholars advisedly, for though there are many things in it which should interest any intelligent person, they are but incidentals. The twelfth and thirteenth centuries were the watershed between the old philosophy or learning which we may think of as centering round the extraordinary collections of St. Isidore of Seville and the later scholasticism, and it is because this book sheds so much light upon the genesis of that school that it will be welcomed by professed philosophers. Everybody knows that it was through Arab channels that Aristotle first came to the European world. It is hard perhaps to realize it when one thinks of the Arab of today, but there was a time, that which we are dealing with, when the world's learning was largely in Arab minds.

Chiefly in Spain was this true but not altogether, for there was a school at Bagdad of which Avicenna was the chief glory. But most of what we have came from Spain and especially, though not entirely, from Toledo, where the enlightened Raymond, Archbishop of Toledo from 1126 to 1153, encouraged the stduies which started what is sometimes called "the twelfth century Renaissance."

Among the translators of these works were two of English birth, both of rather special interest. The first is Adelard of Bath (early twelfth century) who is known to all students of philosophy as the author of a dialogue, steeped in Platonism, between Philocosmia and Philosophia and entitled De Eodem et de Diverso. Professor Haskins thinks it was his first work; Professor de Wulf seems to favor Quaestiones Naturales for that place. To most of us he has been a shadowy personage until in the book before us he comes to light as a remarkable traveler and writer. Born in Bath, he studied at Tours; taught at Laon; visited Sicily, Cilicia, possibly Jerusalem, always studying and amassing knowledge; in fact, one of those early wandering scholars who cared nothing for difficulty and danger in their pursuit of learning. He returned to England and there wrote a number of books including the first treatise on Falconry; works on the Abacus, an obsolete method of calculation then in vogue; one on the Astrolabe, an equally obsolete astronomical implement for taking the altitude of stars, and most important of all, translations of some of Aristotle's works,and the first translation of Euclid's Geometry. Thus he introduced a book which was to be the bugbear of many generations of schoolboys until superseded by other methods. Adelard has been generally held to be a monk but Professor Haskins brings forward good reasons to prove that he was not.

The other character is Michael Scot, known to everybody by the lines which another Scott, the "wizard of the North," as Michael was held to be of the South, wrote of him: "A wizard of such dreaded fame" and so on. As a matter of fact he was astronomer at the court of that very remarkable monarch Frederick II, King of Sicily and Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, a man much suspect theologically but a great lover of knowledge and one who did much to advance it. He must have been a somewhat terrible guest for Professor Haskins tells us that when he quartered himself and followers on a monastery at Verona, among those followers for whom the monks had to provide were an elephant, five leopards and twenty-four camels. He was the employer of Michael Scot for, like everybody of importance at that day, he had his astrologer. Scot wrote about his own subject but was also an alchemist and a translator of some of the works of Aristotle. Let us note here that it was in the realms of Frederick and in the time of his son Manfred that no less a man than St. Thomas Aquinas began his studies in natural philosophy at Naples under an Irishman named Petrus de Hibernia.

But we must pass on to the last point which limits of space permit to us. Aristotelian philosophy, on which scholasticism was built, came in with the Arabs. We have mentioned Avicenna of the Bagdad school and now have to speak of his greater successor, Ibn-Rochd better known as Averroes and called in his day *The Commentator,* so great was his influence, (1126-1198.) According to de Wulf neither of these men conveyed the true doctrine of Aristotle, but wht the latter did convey led up to a curious philosophico-religious heresy of which a few words may be said mainly because that heresy has sometimes been read into scholasticism of which, in reality, it is the absolute opposite. The Latin Averroists as they are called so fully believed in their teacher as to disregard everything but Aristotle and Averroes as his prophet. Their attempts to solve some of the great fundamental matters of philosophy led them to the very opposite pole from the scholastics, for they denied the immortality of the soul and the freedom of the will. This was rank heresy, and to cover their defects they invented the celebrated doctrine of the "Two Truths," never mentioned, by the way, by Averroes himself, which taught that a thing might be true in philosophy and not in theology and vice versa. The teaching never developed into a popular belief and thus never became a heretical sect, but Siger de Brabant and his followers made no small stir for some ten years in the University of Paris with this strange dogma which of course absolutely annuls the Principle of Contradiction. They were opposed by St. Thomas Aquinas and the orthodox scholastics, and no person who understands the meaning of scholasticism and the teaching of Siger would place the latter in the former class. Of this matter Professor Haskins very naturally has nothing to say since it lies out of the field of his inquiries, but we have sketched the controversy because of the mistake sometimes made about it. In any case it will serve to show what interesting lines of thought this book opens and how essential it is to philosophers as well as to historians and others interested in the period which it covers.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

Philosophy and Civilization in the Middle Ages, by Maurice de Wulf. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $3.00

THE appearance of a new edition of Professor de Wulf's work on Philosophy and Civilization in the Middle Ages, two years after its original publication, is a book event of interest on several grounds. In the first place, it implies a high compliment to the author, who is Professor of Philosophy in the University of Louvain and also at Harvard. And it may be said at once that the compliment is well deserved, for we have here not only a prodigy of learning and thought, but a presentation of an abstruse topic with life, vigor and luminosity, and in a style which makes reading it quite as much a pleasure as a study.

There is the further interest in the occasion that it is the

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prelude to a visit by Professor de Wulf to this country, in the course of which he will lecture at Harvard and publish, it is a pleasure to say, in The Commonweal articles upon subjects on which he is an authority. His fame as an expounder of philosophic doctrines and their relation to religion and history is already widespread. The present publication will no doubt whet the appetite of American students for his outgivings while he is among us.

But over and above these personal factors, the reissue of this book so soon and the public demand which it indicates have no small significance. It might be supposed that the title would discourage readers who were not seriously interested in the higher ranges of human activity and thought. Perhaps outspoken recognition by readers of the first edition of the attractiveness with which the book is written may be a contributing element; but there must be to boot a deep and widespread interest in the subject and a somewhat surprising demand for information upon it to account for the public attitude.

The work is translated into English by Professor de Wulf himself, assisted by Mr. Daniel Sargent of Harvard and Professor Horace C. Longwell of Princeton. The rendering is so good that it reads as if in the original tongue. The author describes it as a supplement to his History of Mediaeval Philosophy. But in fact it is complete in itself, both as to aim and content. The purpose, we are told in the preface, is "to approach the middle ages from a new point of view, by showing how the thought of the period, metaphysics included, is intimately connected with the whole round of western civilization to which it belongs."

The main discussion is confined to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, in the former of which the philosophy of the age germinated, while in the latter it culminated. Rapid sketches are given of the philosophic movements of Germany and Italy —Averroism and the Neo-Latin and Anglo-Celtic movements —but the main stress is laid upon the system of Scholasticism, which was mainly a product of French genius and which had its origin and its focus in Paris. Some of the shining lights of Scholasticism, it is true, were natives of other countries, as Bonaventure and Thomas Aquinas, who were Italians; but they all went to France to learn and they stayed in France to teach. "In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, France if not Paris was in reality the eye and brain of Europe, the place of origin of almost every literary form, the place of finishing and polishing even for those forms which she did not originate."

For details of the facts and arguments by which this claim is profusely supported, the reader must be referred to the book itself. It is possible here to recite only a few of the chief points which crowd the pages. One of the most notable is the definition of the "fixed norm" of the civilization of the thirteenth century as "the dignity and the worth of human nature." This was a product of philosophic development, but it profoundly affected all phases of life. It created a cult of personality and the supreme importance of the individual man which was a leaven in feudalism tending to the overthrow of serfdom and toward the development of political equality; it was the inspiration of chivalry with its ideas of honor; it was an underlying principle in the progress of science, art and letters; it was a foundation for morals and law; it fostered the growth of the family and the ideal of the state as an organization for the benefit of the individual in contradiction of the ancient notion that the individual existed for the benefit of the state.

Looking attentively at these two centuries of the middle ages, nothing is more striking than the interlocking influences of art, letters, morals, political thought and philosophy. Professor de Wulf constantly points to the Gothic architecture, which reached its best achievement, he considers, just at the time the Scholastic philosophy was becoming complete and consistent as a system. The Romans de Gestes took their high tone from the philosophic estimate of humanity. "Once the knight came in contact with Christian morality, he was no longer an egotistic, ambitious and brutal warrior; he learned to be loyal and generous; he became the born defender of the Church, the champion of the weak, the opponent of violence." Christian morality as shaped and explained in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and made into a working system for later times, owed a great debt to the Scholastic philosophy and its individualistic views.

Professor de Wulf takes up quite frankly the relations of the Church to the philosophic movement. He grants at once that theology and philosophy have a close relationship and a fluctuating line of demarcation. They deal quite generally with the same subject matter, but usually from different points of view as do anatomy and physiology with regard to the human body. So far as their effects upon each other are concerned, the philosophy of the period had much more effect on theology than theology had on philosophy. The oft repeated idea that the Church dictated or dominated the Scholastic philosophy is to be regarded as an erroneous or exaggerated statement of the truth that in a religious age everything was colored by religious belief and religious feeling—art, law, letters, social life as well as thought and speculation. In the form of apologetics, the reconciliation of revealed doctrine with secular knowledge, the Scholastic philosophy actually played a great and independent part; in respect to matters of dogma beyond the grasp of human intelligence, it simply surrendered the field to the theologians.

The book does not content itself with marshalling the relations of middle age philosophy to the other phenomena of the time; it gives a fairly complete resumé of the doctrines of the Scholastic system. For this, the student must again be referred to the text. The present sketch may well be closed by a reference to the fine doctrine that Christian happiness was a conception of religious mentality, but was also an aim to which the intellectuals directed their researches—in the words of Dante—"to snatch the living from the state of wretchedness and to lead them to the state of happiness."

JAMES LUBY.

The Dark Hours, by Don Marquis. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.75.

Charles Lamb, by Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

FOLLOWING closely the Gospel recital of the hours of the Passion of Jesus, these five scenes of the Dark Hours by Don Marquis reveal the author at that high standard of literary merit by which the critics have always measured his work.

The late Senator "Sunset" Cox was said to deplore his eminence as a wit which, for all the appreciation it enjoyed, seemed to cripple his serious efforts in oratory and public service. Don Marquis, by carefully following the Horatian prescription, in

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mingling his levity with gravity, has managed to avoid any such humoristic chagrins and takes his place easily near the head of our literary ranks in the profound as well as in the facetious.

The Dark Hours relates the scenes of intrigue preceding the apprehension of Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane and the final climax on Calvary. The play that results is splendidly adapted for use on the modern stage.

Don Marquis makes some very pertinent statements in his Author's Note. He admits that his initial purpose of presenting Jesus in person on the stage, was finally overcome by "a sound (though perhaps unconscious) apprehension of dramatic values. For you cannot show Divinity on the stage: you cannot get an actor to impersonate Divinity. You may show humanity in juxtaposition to Divinity, acted upon by Divinity and responding in one way or another to the contact—but Divinity itself: no! The thing is impossible.—The careful and repeated examination of the Bible necessary for this play has convinced me that it was not His meaning (that when He spoke of His Father He meant that God is the Father of all of us.) I cannot escape the conviction that He intended to convey that He was the Son of God in a sense special and unique. You may or may not believe this, I may or may not believe it—but I cannot evade the belief that Jesus Himself believed it. To think of Him as dying for some belief that He did not really hold seems to me to be merely idiocy." This reveals the spirit in which The Dark Hours has been written.

Miss Alice Brown, the devoted friend and biographer of Louise Imogen Guiney, presents a play with the magical name of Charles Lamb. "This is a play, my masters, 'this thornbush, my thornbush and this dog my dog'—and it is all in the way of romance and idealism with history merely as an adjutant and a setting."

The personal charm and unselfishness of Charles Lamb are admirably set forth in five acts that make very smooth reading and would make a very idyllic effect upon the stage. We need fine actors and fine audiences for such plays and one can only sigh for the première of so delightful a romantic comedy.

THOMAS WALSH.

BRIEFER MENTION

Christopher and Cressida, by Montgomery Carmichael. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

MONTGOMERY CARMICHAEL is one of that small and always intensely interesting group of authors whose names are well known among writers, and readers who care greatly for the rarer and more exquisite literary qualities, but who suffer if not neglect yet certainly from a very extensive ignorance of their worth on the part of the general public. I think of such authors as Ambrose Bierce, or Conrad before his discovery late in life, or Arthur Machen, when I consider the strange case of Montgomery Carmichael. The publication of his latest novel calls fresh attention to his work. Possibly it may also serve to bring that work a little nearer to the wider recognition which it deserves.

But it is a difficult matter to predict the fate of any book, so far as popular favor is concerned, by the standard of either its subject matter or its style. While Christopher and Cressida unquestionably is most unlike the usual run of novels that achieve popular success, its very unlikeness may possibly be the factor that will attract readers weary of the stock subjects, and the trite treatment of these subjects, which characterize the run of novels today. Nothing more unlike the usual "love interest" of the average modern novel can be imagined than the story of Christopher and Cressida—yet the book is a love story and nothing else; it is a story of love in excelsis; but undoubtedly it will not attract the attention of Hollywood; it will never be dramatized for Broadway. In this book, as in all his other novels, Montgomery Carmichael deals with human emotions, and passions as well, in a way which, while not ignoring reality, never for a moment caters to the taste for the vulgar or the meretricious. Intensely religious in theme, as are all his other novels, his new book is written in such a high and beautiful style, with such distinction, that even readers to whom the mediocre sentimentalism and namby-pamby pietism of far too many religious stories would simply be offensive, and who ordinarily do not even accept a religious theme, no matter what its treatment may be, will read this story with satisfaction simply because of its style. There is a charm, there is an individual and almost unique flavor, in Mr. Carmichael's prose that give his books a place quite distinctively their own.

M. W.

Don Juan Manuel, by Count Lucanor. Translated by James York. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

THE Arab conquerors of Spain, to whom so many remarkable qualities of civilization and art have been dubiously attributed, can claim with justice that they were the first to lisp in fables in the primitive Castilian tongue. For out of the India of Bidpai, through Persia, Arabia and Africa, these allegories and apologues of beast and men came direct to the hand of the Prince Don Juan Manuel (1282-1348) and constitute one of the chief fountain-heads of the modern European novel.

Don Juan Manuel was the grandson of St. Ferdinand, the King that had captured Sevilla from the Moors with the help of Sultan of Granada. Of the Count's books, carefully consigned to the Dominicans of Peñafiel, only a few have survived. Among them, El Libro del Conde (Lucanor), the English version of which—the first in English—is here reprinted from the text of Dr. James York in 1868.

In these dialogues and tales, related in the conversations of Count Lucanor and his friend, Patronic, the whole world of the heroic days in Spain is unfolded to our eyes. The Moslem civilization gradually fading before the powers of the Reconquest, the knightly virtues and vices, the philosophies of a yet unlettered folk, the shrewdness and individualism of their minds. There are charming plots, delightful anecdotes and proverbs, so that altogether it may be said that Count Lucanor from out of his long dead world may speak to us still with profit, and charm us still with his rich and noble personality.

Abbé Pierre, by Jay William Hudson. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $3.00.

WITH much of the gracious quality of Louis Hemon's Maria Chapdelaine, Mr. Jay William Hudson has written a charming novel of Gascony entitled Abbé Pierre. Mr. Hudson's knowledge of these rural communities is keen and thorough, and his love for them is evident in the creation of delightful types of character like Abbé Pierre Clément, Abbé Rivoire, Germaine and David, and Monsieur Ware. There are also in the present new edition some very attractive illustrations by Edwin Avery Park.

T. C.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"Beautiful snow," murmured Angelicus, as he folded his hands reverently across his chest.

"You don't have to shovel it," growled Primus Criticus, whose residence in the suburbs was much affected for academic gatherings only during the spring and summer seasons.

"I can imagine the sleigh-bells," continued the Doctor in his reverie.

"I can hear the taxi-cabs," snapped Hereticus, who was bending over a tea-tray held before him by Tittivillus, who has recently shown a turn for interior decoration with some elaborate neckties and waistcoats that soothe Angelicus as if with a sense of liveried service.

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"What did you think of the eclipse, Doctor?" asked the Editor kindly, wishing to spare the angelic old man the wince of these modern snap-shots.

"Alas," sighed the Doctor, "it has affected me badly. At the club some very distinguished students wearing thick eye glasses have pained me with the raptures of their realization of a sense of something like the divine as they saw the dark disc of the moon sweep across the sun. I was not properly treated when I remarked that any ordinary nightfall was more wonderful to me. My real disillusion, however, is in the loss that has come to my vocabulary."

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"Your vocabulary is an unusually full one, Doctor," said Primus Criticus, always gentle, if not weak, with Angelicus.

"No," went on the latter, "I have lost the word eclipse. You may have noticed that I have frequently spoken of the eclipse of so many great men, the eclipse of modern letters, etc. Now I find that the black night which has fallen upon them cannot properly be called an eclipse. Why, I was able to read my newspaper throughout the entire event without a lamp. I shall miss the word—that clever, snappy, syllabic *ec* and the lingering sense of the *lipse*. My picture of a total eclipse (not being old enough to remember a previous one) has been entirely incorrect. Heigh ho! Life robs us even of our favorite words!"

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"What bothers me," said Primus Criticus, "is the outrageous trick the romancers have played upon us. So often, just as the handsome Captain Blythecorne of the Royal Constabulary has seen his darling snatched away by the Fiji Islanders, and when all is lost—somehow, some sudden darkness, they declare, has swept over the earth—or old Medicine-Man Tokawaqu waves his tattered garments down the mountain gorge and a blackness seizes on the heavens until the savages are found kneeling before him, or hurrying in with presents of ewe-lambs or bowls of curdled milk, while the German prospectors murmur in German, of course, 'the eclipse!' What shall we say to all this, those of us who went up on skyscrapers or in airships to watch the planetary cataclysm?"

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"The occulation was several seconds late by my stop-watch," said the Business Manager, "and I believe this defective schedule, caused serious disorders in our subway systems. The sum-total of loss in office hours was therefore incalculable."

"Such calculations at an inopportune moment remind me," began Statisticus, and several members abstractedly remembered non-existent engagements, and moved away. The tales of Statisticus are sometimes as stiff as the figures he deals with. But he continued—"It reminds me of the story our friend Cyril B. Egan relates. As I recall it, it runs as follows—

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At great personal risk, the fearless volunteer Fireman fought his way to the top of the skyscraper that he might rescue from the flames the lone gentleman entrapped therein.

"I would thank you," mumbled the gentleman dreamily, as the fireman bore him piggyback to the nearest window ledge, "did I not chance to be a philosopher, an irrevocable determinist, and a practical believer in the ultimate selffulness of all the acts of man. Discourteous as it may seem at this time to ask the question, nevertheless by a fair and impartial devotion to the truth I am constrained to ask it—*Why did you save me?*—That *I* might be pleased—or that *you* might be pleased? That *my* miserable body might be delivered into the net below, or that *your* self-respect might be exalted to the skies? After all, is not the root of all action—altruistic or egotistic—to be found in self? And as to the praise due this gratuitous display of fearlessness, I again must profess my gravest doubts.—Truly tell me, does not such a display spring from the basest dread of all—the foolish fear of fear?—Not that you are in any sense to be blamed, fireman, for what you have done; for though the thought of self prompt your every deed, still there is a something outside and independent of you causing and controlling that thought.—Only I wish to impress upon you that in withholding my thanks, I would not be ungracious—merely truthful. Thanks, after all, are based upon untruth; hence in not thanking you—in refusing to tell you a lie—I am being more thankful than if I had thanked you.—Not that there are any thanks due me for that. For after all—"

"After all," said the Fireman, raising the Philosopher over his head as they reached the window-ledge—"you need not be too previous in not thanking me!"—Then taking careful aim, he accurately dropped the Philosopher three and one-half feet beyond the saving circumference of the net below.

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